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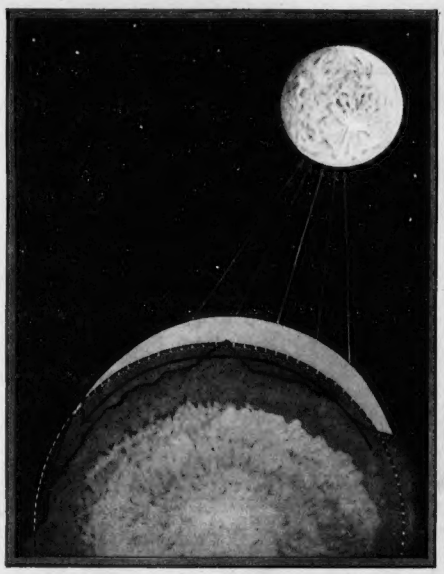
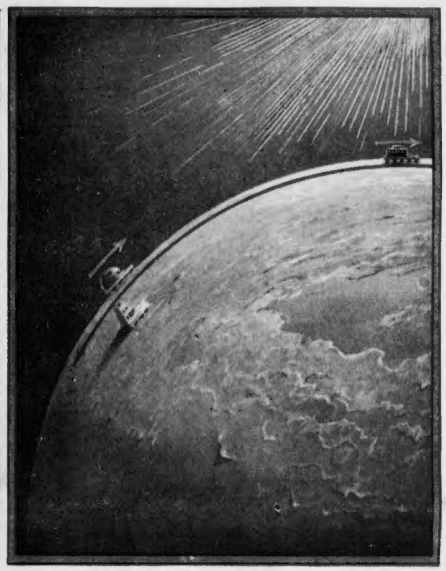
What Will Future Man Be Like?

A Fascinating Study of Life on Our Earth from Earliest Times, and Some Curious Blunders Nature Has Made

Comparisons of Other Forms of Life Reveal What Man Might Have Become If He Had Followed Different Paths of Progress



A Diagrammatic Explanation of the Action of the Tides. The Swollen Liquid Area Shown Here in Lighter Blue, Which Is Due to the Attraction Exercised by the Moon and the Sun, Plays the Part of a Brake Which Little by Little Causes a Lessening of the Speed of Rotation of the Globe. The Influence of This Attraction May Also Make Itself Felt on the Interior Mass of the Globe.



When the Rotation of the Earth Shall Have Diminished So Much That the Days Will Last as Long as One and Even Two of Our Present Months, It Is Possible to Imagine There Will Be Movable Houses Drawn Slowly by Tractors, Even in the Region of the Equator Where the Speed Will Be Greatest, so That They Will Be Kept Always in Daylight.

By Prof. Rene Thevenin
The Distinguished French Scientist.

CHAPTER IX.

(Concluded from last Sunday)

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IN THE last stages of life on this planet, when man, as we have seen, will be forced to burrow deep into its insides, will he share it only with such domesticated animals as he may choose to let survive with him? Science doubts this. There is good reason to fear that the most undesirable co-tenants of all will still be with him. The earth is too thoroughly impregnated and infected with microbes, and their powers to adapt themselves to cold, heat and drought are too great to offer much hope that the world can ever be completely sterilized.

If man can sterilize himself and his ether ship when he moves to a new world, it will be triumph enough not to introduce this ancient devil into the new heaven. In that case mankind may at last have reached his paradise in the sky, and, what is best of all, not have to die to get there.

After all the facts which we have set forth in the preceding chapters of this series, we think we have succeeded in making the reader understand that the earth inhabited by man and all the other organized beings is not as perfectly favorable to their development as might be wished. It allows them to live by their own resources, but at the same time the earth carries in itself the causes of their destruction.

Life, indeed, is only maintained upon our planet by the help of death. The plants are formed and nourish themselves by drawing from the soil the elements which come from the decomposition of the beings which preceded them. The animals, in their turn, can only nourish themselves with the plants, that is to say, by killing them, or by killing other animals. These animals must die in order to return to the earth what they took from it, and to furnish the plants the possibility of renewing the cycle. Without the perpetual work of death, therefore, life could not exist.

After all, when we consider the matter with an honest mind, it is easy to see that ours is a rather wretched world, and our main reason for loving Mother Earth is that it is the only one available at present.

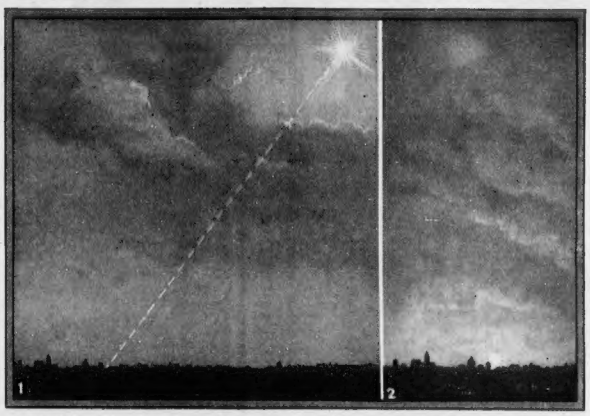
Our conception of logic, our taste for order, our sense of perfection are not altogether satisfied with this state of things. They suggest to us that the situation might be better than it is. And our intelligence does not have to make a great effort to imagine a better constructed world, where life would maintain itself without the need of sacrificing itself, and would not act like that terrible tyrant of Pisa, of whom Dante speaks in his Divine Comedy—Ugolino, who ate his children in a vain attempt to preserve his own life.

When we reflect on these questions we must ask ourselves if the earth which we inhabit was well made to suit us and all the animals of which we are the descendants. Is not the process of evolution, which has resulted in the human race, an accident, an error, which made us on this globe strangers, parasites, conquerors of a territory which is not adapted to our needs, and on which we have only maintained ourselves with great difficulty by struggling against the first occupants of the soil, who, themselves, were admirably settled down upon it, and who, as soon as we contested their place with them, strove to wipe us out in order to continue alone the only existence possible with the resources at their disposition?

These occupants, the reader has already guessed, are those which are generally classed under the general and rather vague name of microbes, that is to say, very simple, single-celled organisms, whose cells are not always composed in the same way as those of which we are made, and whose life is often subject to different laws from those which govern us. Some of them have obeyed, in a later stage of existence, the same laws as ourselves, have evolved and have become in their turn parasites of organized animals. But it seems that this adaptation is secondary, and that in the beginning the microbes, which were the only creatures in existence, did not build up their life, as we do, at the expense of their neighbors.

Let us consider the situation of the microbes in the first ages of the world. At that time an enormous sun may have wandered through space, throwing out a considerable heat, while the earth also may have been warmed by the internal heat, which made itself felt in the waters which then covered the entire globe.

Contrary to an opinion generally accepted, and which holds that it was not necessarily the microbes which appeared first on this planet, the writer finds that the proof of their priority lies in this high temperature of the primeval waters. Indeed, when the ocean, which surrounded the earth, reached at a certain moment about 185 degrees F., this heat was still much too high to permit the protoplasmic cells, such as exist today in nearly all animals, including man, to live, for such cells are composed of an albumin which coagulates at 167 degrees F. On the other hand, certain microbes have been discovered in waters as hot as 185 degrees F., where they live and develop perfectly. According to all appearances, these are the same microbes, or similar ones, to those which lived in the primeval waters. And they existed there alone for many long centuries.



The Figure on the Left (1) Represents the Apparent Progress of the Sun in the Space of One Hour—That Is to Say, in the 24th Part of the Present Day. But When the Lessening of the Speed of Rotation of the Globe Will Cause a Day to Be as Long as a Month, the Apparent Movement of the Sun in the Space of an Hour Will Be Almost Unnoticeable, as Is Shown in the Figure on the Right (2).

It must be understood here that they were preparing life for future organized beings. As soon as there existed in the water alkaline phosphates and carbonic acid, they combined these substances to insure their existence. This is why, to take one example among many others, we discover the presence of nitrifying microbes in certain very ancient schistous calcareous substances. The new soil which they composed in this way was to serve later for the nourishment of plants before the latter, in dying, had produced a humus favorable to the growth of the species which followed them.

When organized beings came to establish themselves on the globe in their turn, they could only live with the help of microbes. The decomposition and the recomposition of living matter could not take place except through the labor of the microbes. It is the microbes who look after the provision of the organic matter necessary for the life of animals. They take from dead bodies, vegetable or animal, the substances of which the tissues of these creatures are composed, rearrange them, and return them to circulation. Their action is universal and indispensable.

But while they are the makers of life, they also work to cause death. They have entered the bodies of human beings, and seem to strive to take back all that those bodies have borrowed from outside to build themselves up. Without microbes many diseases would not exist, and organized tissues would continue to develop without accident.

As soon as the child makes its first movements to breathe and utters its first cries, the hostile microbes begin to enter into it. The first water used to wash the child spreads the microbes over its body. Ten hours after birth the microbes are already installed in the little one's intestines.

And thus we see the "vulture," of which we spoke in the last chapter, attacking the body of the Prometheus of legend, that is to say, man. This vulture begins to gnaw at the vitals of man until it takes back that life which he so boldly conquered.

Shall we be able to rid ourselves of the vulture some day? That is the question which we have undertaken to answer.

In the first place, is an aseptic life possible? Scientists have tried to demonstrate that it is, by rearing chickens, guinea pigs, frogs, etc., in boxes hermetically sealed against microbes, and by feeding them with sterilized products. But the material difficulties of such experiments have led to results that are uncertain.

The results have been better with experiments on insects. The grubs of flies reared in a sterile medium develop perfectly. But there are still too many uncertainties about this matter to permit us to draw a conclusion.

On the other hand, we know that certain organs, such as the large intestines of man and animals, contain billions of microbes, among which some are without effect upon us, but many of which are dangerous (without counting those of diseases like cholera and typhoid fever), and which all of us carry in our bodies, even when we are quite well, and which only await a favorable occasion to multiply. And among the remaining microbes there are some like the colon bacillus, the most abundant and the commonest, which manufactures constantly the products of putrefaction—endol, phenol, scatol, sulphureted hydrogen, etc., products which mark the decomposition of the body immediately after our death, and which, when they pass into the blood during life, cause a chronic poisoning which appears to be one of the principal causes, if not the only one, of old age.

From the fact that the large intestine is the principal reservoir in which the enemies of our body concentrate, scientists have asked if the most simple method would not be to eliminate this intestine by a surgical operation. That is a conception a little too bold for the present time. But it is said that this organ seems to be almost useless, and is not the only one in our bodies that is an hereditary encumbrance from ancestors who might have had need of it, while we could very well do without it today.

In spite of everything, it seems that in this struggle victory will remain with the legitimate proprietor of the soil, the microbe, that is to say, the single-celled being which appeared on earth when it was only fit for this creature's habitation, and which will remain here when it will be no longer habitable by man or by organized beings.

Just as it lived in an overheated sea, where we could not have existed, in the same way the microbe will endure the terrible cold of the last days of the earth, for we see some of them, according to the curious experiments of Dr. MacFadyen, remain for months living at the temperature of liquid air (minus 342 degrees F.), or even surviving the lower temperature of liquid hydrogen (minus 453.6 degrees F.), which no other being could endure.

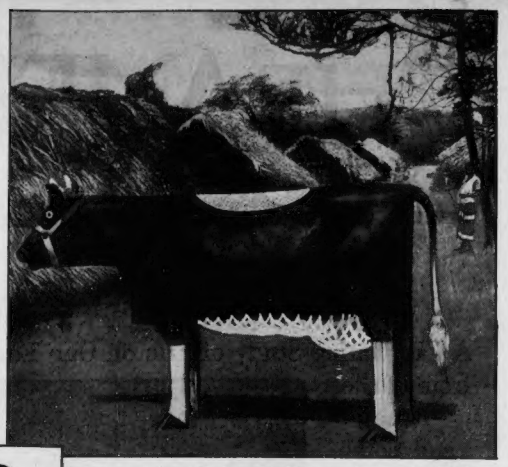
In the same way, the eternal night and the absence of water and oxygen in the far distant future will be much more favorable than injurious to many kinds of microbes, because the ultra-violet rays of light are a

(Concluded on Page 2)

Ingenious Traps to Wipe Out the Tsetse Fly

Because of the Depredations of the Tsetse Fly, Cattle Being Transported Through the Fly Belt Are Dressed in Overalls, as Shown in the Photograph Above.

The Dreaded Tsetse Fly, Which Has Caused Such Havoc in Africa and Which May Now Be Controlled.



The Tsetse Fly-trap, Devised in the Semblance of a Cow, and Tried With Success on the Zululand Game Reserve, and Also at the Hluhlue Reserve.

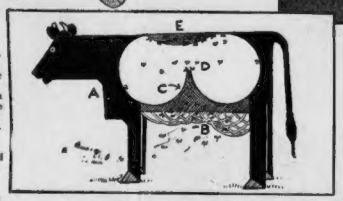


Diagram of the Tsetse Fly-trap (A). (B) Shows the Hessian Covered Abdomen on Which the Pests Center Their Attack. They Fly Through the Funnel-Shaped Aperture (C) Into the Trap (D). The Covering on the Dummy Animal's Back (E) Is Gauze, to Allow the Light In, as the Flies Are Attracted by the Light and Thus Lured Into This Enclosure From Which They Cannot Escape.

SCIENTISTS have been trying for many years to devise some way of eradicating the Tsetse Fly, Africa's most numerous and most dangerous insect pest, carrier of the germ of Sleeping Sickness and of "Nagana," a disease which takes a heavy annual toll from the large cattle herds of South Africa and Rhodesia.

The newest and one of the most interesting attempts to offset the annoying and expensive depredations of the Tsetse Fly is found in a cow-shaped trap invented and recently demonstrated by a British entomologist by the name of Harris.

After long observation Mr. Harris learned that the Tsetse Fly seeks its victims entirely by sight and that its favorite prey is cattle. He also noted that the flies invariably make for an animal's abdomen on which they fasten themselves like leeches, beyond the reach of the creatures' mouths, tails or hoofs.

With this definite knowledge to work on, the scientist made a dummy cow of wood and cloth. On the underside of the decoy he placed a huge oval of coarse Hessian or rope-like cloth, and on the back of the pseudo animal he set a gauze screen to admit the light.

When he and his assistants had made 18 such decoys he set them up in a fly-infested grazing ground in the Zululand Game Preserve and summoned a number of entomologists and Government officials to watch the demonstration.

None of the observers went near the ingenious traps until dark (the Tsetse Fly is seldom active at night). Then the flies inside the traps were counted and it was found that 1,400 of the pests had been caught. More than 900 of these were females.

The scientists and Government officials were convinced that thousands of such traps scattered about in the South African fly belt would greatly reduce the number of Tsetse Flies and, of course, the number of victims, human and animal, which they infect with disease. It is estimated that each cow-shaped trap would be effective for at least a year and a half without necessity of repairs.

The photograph at the extreme left shows a Shorthorn Bull dressed in a suit of overalls to protect him from the bite of the Tsetse Flies. The overalls are made of heavy khaki drill and completely cover the animal except for his eyes, horns, nose and hoofs. These exposed parts, with the exception of the eyes, were smeared with wagon grease, for which the flies have a distaste.

This amazing manner of protecting cattle from the insect enemies was employed by herdsmen who had to transport a dozen full-blooded bulls and heifers from one breeding area to another. Each of the animals had been raised in screened enclosures and was free of "Nagana." As a further precaution against Tsetse Fly infection the cattle traveled only at night.

Shoes at $500 a Pair—and People Buy Them

TO the average person, who seldom can afford to pay more than $5 for a pair of shoes, it seems incredible that there are many women who pay as much as $500 a pair for their evening slippers. The photograph on the right shows two such shoes that cost their owner exactly $250 each.

It might be supposed these were fashioned in one of the ultra-exclusive shoemaking establishments of Paris and were intended for the pampered feet of some wealthy dowager or debutante with more money than she can spend. But these shoes were made in the United States and are gracing the feet of some feminine citizen of the United States.

Strange as it may seem, shoes such as these are not exorbitantly priced because it required two months of skilled hand work to fashion them, and from heel to toe the rich fabric of which they are made is studded with rhinestones and imitation rubies.

Every one of these gleaming stones has to be set by hand and attached to the fabric in such a way that it will remain firmly in its setting even though the wearer, or her escort, makes a careless misstep in the course of a dance. In other words, these seemingly fragile creations must have something of the durability of sturdier and more practical shoes.

It is natural to assume that the place to see such elaborate and expensive footwear is in the drawing rooms and casinos of Newport and Palm Beach, the smart watering places of American society. But, at the moment, the most flourishing market for $500 shoes is Hollywood. The queens of filmdom, it seems, have not felt the pinch of economic depression.

Just how many pairs of such ornate and costly slippers have been sold in this country it is impossible to say, but the expert makers of the glistening creations are, it is said, way behind the demand for their product.

A Pair of $500 Evening Slippers of Woven Rhinestones and Imitation Rubies of the Type That Is Finding a Ready Sale in Hollywood.

Loveliest Lips Win Prize

PARIS never tires of paying homage to feminine beauty. Every year it picks and acclaims girls with beautiful eyes, perfect teeth, Cinderella feet and shapely legs. None of the natural adornments of womankind is overlooked by the beauty-loving citizens of the French capital.

A few weeks ago, when it seemed that the whole gamut of contests of pulchritude had been run in Paris, someone conceived the idea of finding and crowning the city's fortunate possessor of the most perfect "Cupid Bow" lips. In the opinion of a committee of artists and other judges of feminine charms, Mlle. Dorin, whose photograph is shown below, is that girl. She was chosen from seventy-five fair entrants.

French Artists and Beauty Judges Awarded a Prize to Mlle. Dorin Because, They Said, Her Lips Formed the Most Nearly Perfect "Cupid's Bow" in Paris.

Japan's Most Valuable Legs

IT was not until Miss Masako Une, a pretty 18-year-old Japanese dancer suffered a slight injury to one of her knees, and then engaged the services of an American press agent, that she realized the value of her shapely and talented legs. She insured each of her legs for $10,000 and had a clause put in the contract that gives her an income of $100 a month if some minor injury to her legs keeps her temporarily off the stage.

Many European and American dancers have protected their earning power with similar insurance policies, but Miss Masako Une is the first Japanese girl to assure an ample income by insuring her legs.

The Art of the Press Agent Is Finding Expression in Japan at Last, and Miss Masako Une, a Dancer, Has Insured Her Legs for $10,000 Each, Which Makes Them the Most Valuable Legs in the Country.

What Will Future Man Be Like?—What Might He Have Become?

(Concluded from Front Page)

chief means of their destruction, and because some of them, known as anaerobic microbes, can live almost entirely deprived of oxygen. The dead globe of the future will, therefore, again become their domain just as was the earth without life of the earliest ages. And they will still exist when men shall exist no longer, or at least when we shall no longer be on this globe.

Before taking up the matter of moving to another planet it is necessary to say a few words more on the changes which will occur on our globe in the last period. These changes will be so great that if men of today were able to see that earth, while retaining their present existence, they would not recognize it at all.

The most striking of these changes will be in the duration of the day and the month. These two measures of time, which are based on the apparent movements of the sun and the moon, appear to us unchangeable. Ever since men observed the heavens they have seen the sun returning to the meridian—its highest point—at the end of 24 hours, and they have seen the moon renewing its various phases every 28 days. Therefore it seems that it has always been thus, and that it will always be so.

The contrary is the truth. As a matter of fact, this duration of the day and the month has varied continuously, and will always do so. These variations are so slight that not only do we not perceive them, but all mankind since it began to reason has not been able to observe the fact from experience. Only calculation could prove that the changes take place.

At the beginning of the earth's history, when the moon detached itself from the still fluid planet through the effect of tidal forces, the two bodies remained very near one another, and may have been in much more rapid movement. This movement may have lasted about six hours, with the solar days and the lunar months exactly the same and completed in exactly the same time.

Since the moon has moved away little by little, at the same time its movement of rotation has decreased, as that of the earth has also decreased, in consequence of the pull exercised by other bodies in the solar system. These latter causes give rise to the phenomenon of the tides, which act on the liquid part of the globe and lift up the water by attraction, thus playing the part of a brake through the effect of the friction which the watery mass exerts on the ocean beds.

We arrive thus at the present period—that is to say, a present to be understood as a period of many millions of years—in which the earth turns on itself in 24 hours, and the moon has reached the stage which we observe today, when its rotation on itself is equal to its revolution around the earth, so that it always turns the same face toward us. This is equivalent to saying that the solar day lasts 24 hours and the lunar month 28 days.

But this slowing up will continue for the same reasons as in the past, so that after thousands of centuries the day and the month will become equal again. But the conditions of the earliest period will have completely changed, for the future day and month will last nearly as long as two of the present months.

It will be understood what immense changes will be caused in life on the planet if it still survives at that time. The accompanying illustrations show more clearly than written explanations the extreme slowness with which the sun will seem to move in the sky. Another change in that period will be that the earth, in its turn, will always turn the same side toward the moon. There will be one hemisphere of the earth where it will be always moonlight during nights which will last about 1,500 hours at the equator. On the other hemisphere the same nights of 1,500 hours at the equator will never know any light but that of the stars to illuminate them.

But we have said it is possible that before this topsy-turvy period our race will have left the world to establish itself on a better planet. It remains to consider whether it will be possible to make this journey and if Prometheus will be able to tear himself away from the rock where he is chained to begin life anew in another place. And this I shall consider in a brief series of articles at an early date.

THE END.

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Idol of the Paris Theatres in Poverty and in Prison

Twelve Years of Dissipation and Drugs Drag Pretty Mlle. Germaine Sombray Down From Her Pinnacle of Wealth, Beauty and Favor to a Penniless, Wrinkled, Prematurely Old Woman at Thirty-Two

On Right—Photograph of Mlle. Germaine Sombray When She Made Her First Appearance in the Gay Life of Paris Twelve Years Ago.

Photograph Taken in a Paris Court the Other Day, Showing Mlle. Germaine Old, Wrinkled, Shrunken and Penniless, While Her Attorney, the Well-known French Lawyer, Maître Jean Baux, Stands Behind His Pitiful Client's Chair and Begs Mercy From the Court After Her Conviction as a Common Thief and Shoplifter.

Photograph of Mlle. Sombray Taken in Her Residence in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. In Her Home in This Fashionable Street Mademoiselle Had About Her a Valuable Collection of Antiques, Works of Art and Magnificent Jewels. This Photograph Was Taken in 1921, at the Height of Her Career.

Early Photograph of Mlle. Germaine as a Music Hall Artist.

Chapel and Shrine of the Church of St. Therese of the Child of Jesus, Where Mademoiselle Sombray Begged Divine Help to Free Her From the Curse of Drugs, Promising to Dedicate Her Life to the Church.

PARIS, Jan. 2.

MLLE. GERMAINE SOMBRAY was the idol of Paris theatres ten years ago. Her name blazed in electric lights along the boulevards, and was on the lips of every "bon vivant." Celebrities disputed for the privilege of being at her table in "restaurants a la mode" and "cabarets de nuit." Showered with jewels, feted, adored, "la belle Sombray" was queen of the capital of pleasure.

Today she is mending prison linen in the hospital ward of Saint-Lazare—prematurely old at thirty-two, penniless, forgotten. No longer remembered by the fickle public, the former footlight favorite is well-known to the police as shoplifter and drug addict. Her career was wrecked by a cruel deception in love, morphine, and the primrose path.

Does this hollow-cheeked woman dream of forgotten kisses, spilled wine and the roses of yesterday? Does she look back regretfully to the time when she was a girl in sunny Provence, listened to tales her mother told of saints and goblins, and played hide-and-seek among the olive trees? Germaine Achez (her real name) at the age of fourteen, was the "belle" of the village, a rustic Venus resembling Mistral's "Mireio." But she was not born to "scorn delights, and live laborious days." Germaine rebelled at the prospect of remaining on the farm, marrying some peasant with a garlic breath and a predilection for babies, and toiling in the fields. Paris—with its gay life and luxury—was the goal of this hot-blooded girl. Like Mlle. Reine, in Paul Arene's story, she would have eloped with the Devil himself, if he had promised to take her to Paris.

Eventually, Germaine persuaded her parents to let her visit an aunt living in the French capital, but the Southern maiden, on arriving at the Paris railroad station, forgot all about her relative and hurried off to the nearest cafe chantant. For a while she lived as pretty girls are apt to live when their equipment consists of a slender purse and waist, a good deal of coquetry, and no grammar to speak of. Germaine was the delight of student balls and supper-parties, and if she did not always sing in tune, her voice was quite fresh, and she knew many a Provencal "aubade" that charmed her companions.

This daughter of the sun, destined to dazzle the metropolis, soon struck her stride, and left the lowly cafe-concert and Bal Musette for the music-halls. Her enticing face and figure caught the eye of the manager of the Moulin Bleu, a revue in the Rue de Douai, renowned for its exposition of female loveliness. Here she was featured as "femme nue," and her plastic beauty and high spirits made such a hit that in a few months she received offers to appear at the Gaite-Rochechouart and the Folies-Bergere, where she later scored a great success. In two years "la belle Sombray" had reached that sort of celebrity which consists in seeing one's name in the papers and one's portrait in the art-shops.

Tired of presenting her undraped person to the public, as a meal of flesh is offered to the ogre in the fairy-tale, Mlle. Germaine aspired to the legitimate stage. And her chance came when Charles Mere, a popular playwright with whom she had fallen madly in love, and who had kindly given her books to study, let her take the leading part in his "Femme Masquee," at the Theatre du Gymnase, as the star, Vera Sergine, had suddenly become indisposed. Germaine made more than an admirable substitute—she triumphed in the role.

The former "figurante" now blossomed forth into the most exquisite comedienne, winning the praise of critics and public in "L'Horrible Experience," at the Grand-Guignol, in Henri Bataille's "L'Homme a la Rose," at the Theatre de Paris, and in "L'Appassionata," by Pierre Frondaie. The blonde vedette also displayed her versatility and beauty in several French films.

Germaine Sombray, at the age of twenty-five, was at the pinnacle of her fame and fortune—flattered by the press, surrounded by admirers, and possessing a sumptuous private residence in the Bois de Boulogne, and a collection of jewels that would have excited the envy of a princess. The most spectacular fete, without her presence, was like an unfinished masterpiece. The artiste accepted homage like caresses, and caresses as a flower accepts the evening rain. Gay Paris was intoxicated by her charms; she resembled those beings half grapevine, half woman — whose kisses made Lucian's voyagers reeling drunk. She lived as if one were never to die, and gathered the present moment as if it were eternal.

But one night as she left the theatre and stepped into her private car, she found her lover, Mere, there in the arms of a rival actress. Now Germaine played fair in love and expected others to do the same by her. She was never noted for a rigid morality, and in the days before she met Charles Mere, she had taken as her model Ninon de l'Enclos, that marvelous sinner who put a time-limit of three months to an affair of the heart. Yet it was different now. Her infatuation for the playwright had lasted half a year—long enough to rise to the height of a passion. An angry scene followed, with the result that her idol drove off with his new inamorata, and Germaine, in despair, shot herself.

The wound was not mortal, but the actress was confined to a hospital for many months. Joyous fetes were exchanged for a festival of pain. Only large quantities of morphine could relieve her suffering, and it was on a sick-bed that the broken-hearted woman doubtless learned that chagrin, like physical anguish, can be soothed by drugs. Rejected by the man she really loved, Germaine lost all ambition to continue her career as comedienne. True, for a few years, she knocked about the provincial theatres, but her brilliant spontaneity was gone—the infamous drugs had killed her dramatic talent.

At last even the country theatre-managers refused to engage her, and she went down the primrose path as a "vendeuse d'amour." It was not long before morphine, ether and cocaine robbed her of good looks, lovers left her, and she was forced to sell her jewels to buy drugs. Like other stars in the French capital, Germaine sought to drown her grief in a narcotic Nepenthe. Only last July, Van Duren, well-known music-hall artist and dancing partner of Mlle. Edmonde Guy, died under mysterious circumstances. On returning to his home one evening, he took his accustomed narcotic, but died the next day. It is believed the entertainer either took an overdose of morphine or employed it as a method to end his life.

In 1928, Germaine Sombray was arrested at Paris for stealing a book at a shop in the Palais-Royal. This was not so serious as the fact that the police found in her purse a dozen prescriptions—from an eminent doctor—for cocaine, that degrading drug. The physician testified in court that she had stolen the prescription blanks from his office. The judge appeared to believe him, and let Germaine go with a 1,000-franc fine. She quit Paris and tried to reform.

In company with Charles de Richter, one of her old-time friends, she visited the quiet little town of Lisieux in Normandy. They spent a few weeks wandering about the picturesque tortuous streets, with their over-arching oak-beamed houses dating from the sixteenth century. One day, in the Carmelite Church of Sainte-Therese, Charles de Richter was surprised to see Germaine suddenly retire to a shadowy corner, lift up her dress, and stick a hypodermic needle in her thigh. When he reproached her for her back-sliding, Germaine burst into tears, said the habit was difficult to break, and then, before the shrine of Sainte-Therese, she made a vow to renounce "stupefiants" forever.

Sainte-Therese was a young Carmelite nun who promised to send a shower of roses to earth after her death. The 23rd anniversary of her death was celebrated in the Carmelite church at Lisieux on September 30, 1930. Cardinal Verdier of Paris and many other dignitaries of the Roman Catholic church were present.

Unfortunately, Germaine Sombray returned to Paris where she fell in with some of her "coco" companions, forgot her vow, and went back to worshipping the unholy trinity of morphine, ether and cocaine. If doctors refused to give her prescriptions, she easily found drug-peddlers at Montmartre who gladly supplied her.

The condemnation recently of two Frenchwomen for traffic in narcotics reveals one of the ingenious methods used by members of the dope-ring at Paris. A Chinese in European attire was remarked along the Champs-Elysees peddling pearl necklaces and individual pearls. For some strange reason, the same person accosted the Celestial every day to buy the pretty rose-colored gems. Agents of the Surete Generale finally discovered that the "pearls" were in reality cleverly made capsules containing cocaine, and that the customers were conducting comfortable dens of forgetfulness where the drug gathered from the Chinese was being sold and freely used.

Deserted by youth, fame, fortune, friends, "la belle Sombray," martyr of love and morphine, fell to the gutter. In 1929, she became one of those poor outcasts who are virtually forced to vend their bodies for a crust of bread or a plate of soup—like the courtesans of ancient Greece who bartered their charms for a few figs, a handful of dates, or a piece of cheese. Germaine had no need to read Villon to learn that "each pleasure's bought with 50 pains." When Louis Despax wrote his famous song about a Paris street girl, life-weary, addicted to drugs and stricken with remorse, when she recalls "les heures si belles" of her childhood —he described Germaine Sombray.

During the Winter of 1929, Germaine was arrested for shoplifting; she had stolen a fur coat from the Galeries Lafayettes and a string of make-believe pearls at the Louvre Magazine. She was tried in February, 1930, and defended by an old admirer, Maitre Jean Baux, the poet-artist advocate, who gained renown in the Landru affair. The case was postponed to last Fall, when Germaine was sentenced to a fifty-franc fine and three months in Saint-Lazare prison.

At the Palais de Justice she made a pathetic figure, with her thin face and form reduced to a mere shadow. No crowd of worshippers pressed about her as in the heyday of her glory; no hand was extended in sympathy. Heart, spirit, passion—all seemed dead in her body. As Germaine left the Tribunal Correctionel for Saint-Lazare, scarcely able to walk, she was so weak it was hard to believe that this was the once fascinating and famous "belle Sombray," toast and heart's desire of the "jeunesse doree," the brightest star years ago in the theatrical firmament of Paris.

The gay journals of the capital, which make vice appear all roses and rapture, did not comment on Germaine Sombray's dolorous destiny. A true picture of her life might have given offense to their readers, and spoiled the pleasures of the rich idlers here, who do not wish to be reminded that "the wages of sin is death."

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Killed By Germs From Her "Paper-Match" Lipstick

Of the Many Thousands of Women Who Apply Lipstick a Dozen or More Times a Day, Miss Othelia Winger, of Marathon County, Wisconsin, Was the One to Infect Herself Fatally by Using, Instead of the Sealed and Safe Cosmetics, a Paper-Match Advertising Preparation Laden With Germs.

OF ALL the thousands of girls and women who rouge their lips many times a day, Miss Othelia Winger, pretty eighteen-year-old student of the Marathon County (Wisconsin) Normal School, seemed selected by fate to find death in a lipstick.

If the girl had used her own lipstick, which was covered by a protective cap, she probably would be alive today, happily preparing herself for the career of a school teacher. More out of curiosity than anything else, she reddened her lips with one of a pack of "paper-match" lipsticks, which had been given her in the shop of a merchant innocently using the folders of lipsticks to advertise his wares. Two days later she was dead, and a pathologist says that death followed infection by a germ-laden "match" of rouge.

On the night that she was stricken Othelia was planning to attend a party near the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Winger, Marathon County farmers. She was looking in her handbag for her lipstick when she noticed the small packet of paper-match lipsticks. She thought it would be fun to use one of the tiny red-tipped "matches," and, moistening her lips, she rubbed them with the thing. The rouging process was more work than with the larger, standard-size lipstick, but the effect was nearly as pleasing.

Half an hour later, when Othelia was ready to leave for the party, she complained to her mother that her lips were strangely hot and pulsing with a dull pain. Her mother told her that she probably had chapped her lips in the wind and that a little cold cream rubbed on before she went to bed would stop the unpleasant sensation.

Mrs. Winger did not know that her daughter had rouged her lips with one of the paper-match lipsticks and it did not occur to Othelia that the coloring she had put on her mouth had anything to do with the pain she was suffering.

The burning pain grew rapidly worse, however, and in another fifteen minutes the girl was in agony. Her lips were beginning to swell. Her mother, mystified and alarmed, rushed to the telephone and called a doctor. He did what he could to ease the girl's suffering, but all his efforts did not decrease the swelling or stop the pain.

The physician was handicapped in his diagnosis of the case, because the pigment on his patient's lips looked like the red of that imparted by any safe and sanitary lipstick. He could see, of course, that the girl's mouth was infected, but on cursory examination he could not determine the source of the infection. It might have come from one of a hundred causes.

Three hours after Othelia had colored her lips with the seemingly harmless little stick with its soft, red tip, the swelling of the lips had spread down to her chin and her throat. She was taken with severe chills and her temperature rose rapidly until she was burning with a fever of 106 degrees.

In another hour she was in delirium, crying out that she was on fire and felt as though she was going to burst. Her throat and lungs seemed to her to be burning up, and it was difficult for her to breathe.

Every effort to stop the spread of the curious infection failed, and two days later the girl's agony ended in death. Her parents and her schoolmates could hardly believe that so vivacious and healthy a girl was dead. There seemed to be no explanation for the sudden attack that came without warning and brought death so quickly.

The doctor called in on the strange case gave a full statement of the symptoms and the behavior of the girl to the Marathon County officials, and asked them to summon Dr. Edward L. Miloslavich, Milwaukee County pathologist and criminologist.

An autopsy was performed and the pathologist announced that death was due to septicemia by hemolytic streptococci, which is the technical way of saying that Othelia went to premature death, the victim of blood poisoning, caused by a form of bacteria which robbed the red corpuscles of their ability to carry oxygen through the blood stream.

In his report of the unusual case Dr. Miloslavich stated that the girl's lips had swollen to the size of his thumb, that the lips were bloodless in appearance and broken out with many small abcesses. Inflammation from the infection had spread through the mouth into the lungs, which also were broken out with hundreds of tiny abcesses.

Being a trained pathologist, Dr. Miloslavich shortly came to the conclusion that the infection had started on the outer surfaces of the lips and spread rapidly through the mouth and throat down into the lungs. This conclusion naturally brought him to the cosmetics the girl had used just before she was taken ill.

A search of Othelia's room revealed the package of paper-match lipsticks with one of them torn out and used. The pathologist waited until he had analyzed the used stick before he expressed an opinion, but he was reasonably certain that he had found a clue to the tragedy.

Pus taken from the girl's lips and blood from her spleen revealed hemolytic streptococci. More of the same deadly germs were found on the tip of the lipstick Othelia had used—and on the unused sticks in the packet, he reported.

The pathologist stressed the fact that he did not believe the paper-match lipsticks were contaminated when they left the manufacturer. He did say, however, that such containers, open at the sides, can easily pick up germs from the pocket, handbag or any surface with which they come in contact.

It is probable that the lips of Miss Winger were vulnerable to infection because of one or more abrasions on them—tiny cuts too small to be noticed or to be uncomfortable—and that the bacteria massaged into these abrasions found their way to the soft, moist inner tissues and set up a fast-working and fatal infection. Germs are most dangerous when they lodge themselves on tissue that is warm and moist. The lips and mouth are, for this reason, among the most vulnerable spots of the human body.

Miss Othelia Winger, 18, Who Died Two Days After Coloring Her Lips With the Unsanitary Match-like Lipstick.

Dr. Edward L. Miloslavich, the County Pathologist, Who Found the Package of Advertising Cosmetics to Be Laden With Deadly Germs. These Caused Infection by Being Rubbed in Some Abrasion on the Victim's Lips.

Puzzle Portrait—Man or Woman?

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G. Spencer Watson's Fascinating Painting, "The Mirror," Which Is Causing a Great Deal of Comment in the Royal Academy. Whether the Picture Is That of a Man or a Woman Has Started a Widespread Controversy. And No One Except the Artist Can Explain the Reflection of the Man in the Mirror, and the Painter Won't Tell.

MANY strange paintings have been hung in the Royal Academy galleries in London, but none of them have caused the furore of excitement and conjecture which followed the recent exhibition of the unusual portrait reproduced above.

It is the work of the famous artist, G. Spencer Watson, who calls his canvas "The Mirror." The half nude figure holding the mirror looks as much like a man as it does like a woman and the small hand looking-glass seems to reflect the upper part of a man's face.

The directors of the Royal Academy, fellow artists and curious art lovers have besieged Mr. Watson with questions. But so far he has smiled enigmatically and refused to tell whether the portrait is that of a man or a woman. "Accept the painting as a work of art," he says. "It is not important that you know its meaning, if any."

This refusal on the part of the painter to throw light on the significance of his picture has served to deepen the mystery, and thousands of persons have flocked to the gallery in the Royal Academy to study the painting. No one has yet been able to decide whether the subject of the canvas is male or female, or what the reflection in the mirror means, if anything.

The pose of the figure has a certain subtle feminine grace, but the hand which holds the mirror is large and strong. The thin eyebrow is distinctly feminine, but the shape of the head, the sturdy neck and the strong jaw are more suggestive of a man than a woman.

Artists and art critics have tried in vain to recognize the subject of the painting, venturing the guess that it might be some actor or actress sitting in his, or her, dressing room. But the face of the subject looks like no one on the English stage.

More than a few physiologists have puzzled over the picture, but their varying opinions have only heightened the mystery that surrounds the painting. Some believe the person to be a man; others are satisfied that it is a woman. But the majority of these experts in anatomy agree that the figure might be that of a masculine woman or of an effeminate man.

Apparently the artist considered his picture well in painting it, for even the clothes draping the back of the chair are sexless, so to speak. The white garment might be lingerie or sturdier male attire, and the dark garment can as easily be imagined as a woman's cape or a man's cloak. Studied as a whole, or in detail, the painting is a puzzle which only the artist can solve.

The reflection in the mirror adds to the mystery. It appears to be the upper part of one side of a man's head. It is natural to assume that the reflection would be that of the artist. But it isn't. Who it is and why he's visible in the mirror of the womanly man, or manly woman, only Mr. Spencer can say—and he only smiles mysteriously.

Lizard With a Monkey Tail

IN THE jungles of the Solomon Islands, in the South Seas, the natives hunt and eat a curious breed of lizards with tails like monkeys. These reptiles, which live in trees and seldom come to the ground, are expert climbers and amazingly handy with their long, flexible tails. Scientifically they are known as "Cercuia zebranta Gray," but in popular language they are called skinks.

When the scientists of the Cornelius Crane Pacific Expedition of the Field Museum recently returned from the South Seas they brought several skinks with them, and a few days ago an exhibit of the strange reptiles was opened to the public in the Museum buildings in Chicago.

The scientists found several kinds of skinks in the islands of the South Seas, but all of them except the family called "Cercuia zebrata Gray" had fragile, bony tails that were of no use to them in their arboreal existence. Why this one family should have developed tails like those of monkeys is a problem in evolution that remains to be solved.

In one spot in the jungles of the Solomon Islands the trees were alive with skinks, climbing up the trunks and even high up in the smaller branches, where the creatures were eating the tender leaves. It is supposed that skinks, like most other species of lizards, eat various kinds of insects. But they prefer vegetation and live largely on a diet of leaves.

They are a gregarious lot and live in the trunks of hollow trees when they are not feeding or basking in the tropical sun. A full-grown skink is about two feet long.

The "monkey-tail" skink, like all its cousin skinks, has a bony armor beneath its outer skin of small, flexible scales. Handy as it is with its tail, the skink is not a fast-moving creature. In fact, it travels sluggishly, and is not at all hard to capture. When the Solomon islanders want a feast of skink flesh they arm themselves with nothing more efficient than sticks of various lengths and baskets of woven grass for carrying back their quarry.

They poke the reptiles off the trees and pick them up deftly when the creatures fall to the ground. A few smart raps with a stout stick is enough to discourage a skink from resisting capture by clinging to his perch with his strong, flexible tail.

A Member of the Taxidermy Staff of the Field Museum Examining Specimens of the Prehensile-Tailed Lizards Known as Skinks.

Uncle Sam to Raise Pearls

WITHIN the past few years the pearl oyster beds of the world have become sadly depleted, because they have been overfished. There has barely been pearls enough to adorn all the fortunate maids and matrons who can afford the gems.

The United States Government, working with officials of the Hawaiian Government, is taking advantage of this profitable business opportunity by removing pearl oysters from a newly discovered bed near Southeast Island, which is a few hundred miles northwest of Honolulu, and transplanting them in Honolulu Bay. Other plantings of the oysters probably will be made near the island of Oahu.

Divers, descending from a government steamer to the ocean floor off the shore of Southest Island, found the pearl oysters there were fourteen inches long and weighed as much as fifteen pounds. Only the biggest and best oysters were selected for transplanting in Honolulu Bay.

It is not expected that the newly established beds will produce pearls in quantity for several years. But when the oysters have had time to develop there is little question that the bottom of Honolulu Bay will produce some of the biggest and finest pearls in the world.

There will be no poaching of the government beds there or of the source of supply in the clear waters about Southeast Island, for armed guards will be stationed at both places.

Eventually the Hawaiian oyster raising project should yield millions of dollars in revenue, not only in precious pearls but in large quantities of mother of pearl, which is used for a great variety of things, practical and ornamental. The government will see to it that the new oyster beds are fished in such a manner that they become increasingly valuable.

A Pearl Oyster, Showing How the Jewel Nestles Inside the Shell, Near the Heart of the Bivalve. The Government Hopes to Develop Profitable Beds in Honolulu Bay.

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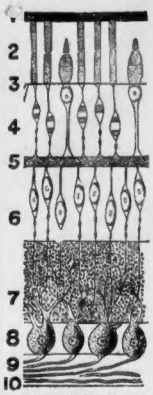
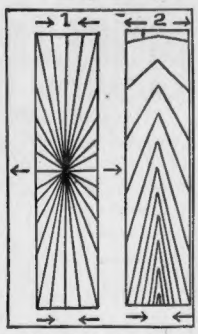
How Our Eyes Often Completely Deceive Us

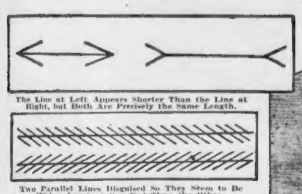
Not Their Fault, Science Finds, but the Fault of the Brain Which Directs Them What to See and What Not to See, Can Make Them Behold Things That Do Not Exist, and Even Can Stop Them From Seeing Anything At All



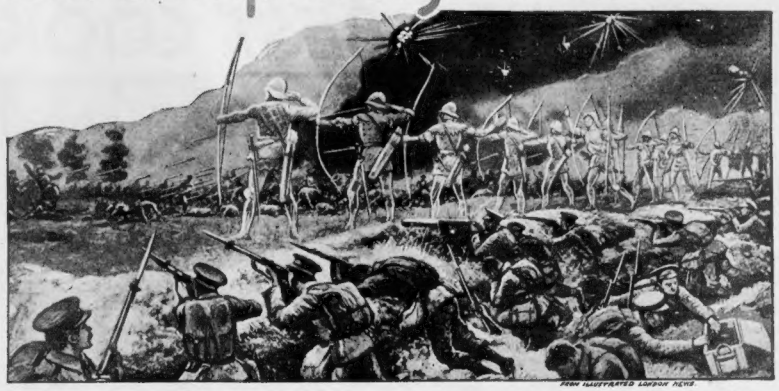
Greatly Magnified Section of the Macula, or Seeing Portion of the Eye, Showing the "Rods and Cones" Which the Brain, Science Believes, Can Connect or Disconnect Under Certain Conditions, and Thus Keep the Eyes From Conveying an Accurate Picture of What They Are Looking At. 1—Pigment Layer; 2—Smaller Rods and Cones; 3—Nerve Tissue; 4—The Longer Rods and Cones; 5—Nerve Tissue; 6—Cones; 7—Granular Tissue; 8—Nerve Cells; 9 and 10—Nerve Filaments Leading Into the Optic Nerve.



An Optical Illusion Through Which Drawing No. 1 Seems to Bulge at the Middle, and Drawing No. 2 Seems to Be Wider at the Top—but the Truth Is, They Are Exactly the Same Width.


The Line at Left Appears Shorter Than the Line at Right, but Both Are Precisely the Same Length.
Two Parallel Lines Disguised So They Seem to Be Wider Apart at One End Than the Other.

By Rotating This Disc the Illusion of Movement Is Produced and the Disc Seems to Whirl.



FROM ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

While Fighting at Mons, France, in 1914, the British Soldiers Reported That They Had Seen the Phantoms of English Bowmen Standing Between Them and the Advancing Germans—An Illusion Produced by Suggestion and the Shapes Taken by the Smoke and Vapors of Shells and Guns.

An Old Print of the Emperor Constantine's Vision of a Cross in the Clouds, and Below It, at Left, a Similar Vision Reported From the English Trenches in France During the Third Year of the War—An Accidental Combination of Clouds and Moonlight Which Stopped All Fighting While It Lasted. From the Painting by A. C. Michel in the Illustrated London News.

MANY worthy persons have in all sincerity testified to having seen "ghosts" and other apparitions, and history is full of such incidents. Some of these cases are supported by evidence that makes it impossible to doubt that they must have had some basis in fact; although that fact was not necessarily what the beholders of the "vision" thought it.

Such an occurrence, for example, is the historic vision of the Roman Emperor Constantine, who, when fighting against a rival claimant to power in 311 A. D., saw in the clouds a cross and under it, in Greek letters, the words "By this conquer." It was a highly important apparition for Christianity, because Constantine, who had held till then to the old gods of the Romans, was immediately converted, and commanded his armies to accept the new faith. He won and became the first Christian ruler, thus turning what had been a persecuted, hunted and largely despised sect into a powerful religious body. Eusebius, a careful, trustworthy historian of Constantine's time, asserts that Constantine himself told him of his vision, and it is corroborated by many other contemporaneous writers.

Science now comes forward with an explanation of the cause of these and similar experiences. It says that the eye has no more to do with what we think we are seeing than the lens of a camera has to do with the emotions aroused in us by the pictures the camera takes. As the lens of the camera passes on images to the sensitive film or plate, so the images of what we are looking at are passed on from the retina of the eye along the optic nerve to the seeing centres in the brain.

But the interpretation of those images is made by the brain alone, and it is quite often all wrong.

Not only that, but new evidence indicates that the brain actually issues orders to the eye telling it how accurately it should do its seeing, and even what it should report and what ignore.

The eye, therefore, is not an independent watchman, informing an individual of what is going on in the world around him, but is a veritable "yes-man" to the brain, doing only what the brain directs and in the way it directs. We cannot always "believe our own eyes," and the other old saying that "seeing is believing" is not true, and must be reversed into "believing is seeing."

Before this, there was ample scientific proof that one cannot believe one's own eyes, much less other people's eyes, unless extreme precautions are taken to make certain in some other way that the report of the eyes really is correct. Experienced lawyers know that even honest witnesses in court seldom describe the same events in the same way. If two witnesses do agree exactly many lawyers, indeed, think that fact sufficient evidence to prove that the witnesses are lying and have been coached.

As for the Emperor Constantine. He was hard pressed, it has been pointed out, at the time of his "vision." An empire was at stake and he was losing it. The old gods of Rome, he may have thought despairingly, were against him. Why not turn to this new God of the Christians? At this moment his eye may have been caught by a chance formation of clouds resembling the Cross of the Christians. The eye would send that image to the brain. The brain would interpret it in terms of its own strong desire, and Constantine would think he saw there on the clouds a flaming crucifix with the promise of victory that he was seeking blazing out beside it. It would have been as objective, as real to him as though that miraculous message had actually been traced in the sky by the Divine finger.

A curious circumstance that helps explain Constantine's vision occurred during the third year of the World War and was widely commented upon in England. One of the English soldiers who witnessed it wrote to the London Illustrated News as follows: "This morning about 1 o'clock we saw a most beautiful white cross in the sky. It sailed along until it reached the moon. Everybody saw it and for ten minutes not a shot was fired. There was absolute silence on both sides. We are wondering what this vision means."

Constantine, seeing a similar arrangement of clouds and light, had no doubt what it meant and his faith strengthened his arm to victory.

Everyone who does much reading knows that at times he will seem to see a word which is not there, merely because it is expected to be there. One of the standard experiments in university courses in psychology is to write on a sheet of paper or on the blackboard some sentence in which an unexpected word is substituted for an expected one. For example, "sugar is sweat" is written instead of "sugar is sweet." When this is tried a large number of persons read off "sugar is sweet," perceiving the expected word instead of the unexpected one. These people always are astonished when they recognize their mistake. They seemed, they insist, actually to see the word which they expected instead of the word that was really there.

The experiments leading to the discovery of the brain's physical control of the eye suggest that they actually did see the correct word because the brain expected it to be there. Or, if not, then they really saw nothing where the wrong word was, because the brain had concluded that enough of the sentence had been seen to be understandable, and had issued orders to the eye temporarily stopping further seeing.

The first intimation of just how our eyes deceive us turned up some months ago during the studies of Professor Frank Allen, of the University of Manitoba, on the way in which the eye sees colors. This matter of color vision always has been somewhat mysterious, since the eye apparently sorts out the colors quite differently from the way in which they are sorted out in the standard rainbow-colored strip, or spectrum, into which white light is split up conventionally in a physical laboratory.

Three colors seem to be enough to produce in the eye all of the shades which the full seven colors produce in a spectrum.

Indeed, two colors can do fairly well at fooling the eye into thinking that it sees all seven possible tints, which fact is put to use in preparing color motion pictures, the majority of which have but two real colors on the film, one on the back of the transparent strip bearing the pictures, the other on the front of that strip.

Professor Allen came to the conclusion that the way in which the average eye sees colors is just three times more complicated than had been imagined by previous writers on the subject.

One thing that happens, he found, is the sending of a nerve message from the eye to the brain announcing that the eye is seeing, for example, what seems to be green light. The second is a mechanism which sends a nervous message from the brain to the eye, increasing that organ's sensitivity to green light. The third, which may be brought into play by the brain independently of the others, is a mechanism which decreases the sensitivity of the eye either to all kinds of light or to a special kind.

The mystery of why one and the same color sometimes looks greener than at other times or redder or different in some other way than is explained. It depends upon what the brain is telling the eye about the sensitivity and precision with which it will see one color or the other.

If two people, therefore, disagree about the brilliance or tint of a color, that does not necessarily indicate that one of them is color blind, although this, of course, is one possibility. It may be merely that one person or both are using their brains differently and that the two brains are issuing different orders to the seeing mechanism in the eyes.

All this may explain why artists paint the same scenes and the same people so differently.

Recently a group of British investigators headed by Professor R. A. Houston, of the University of Glasgow, made similar discoveries about the brain's control over the abilities of the eye to see ordinary white light or to recognize details like the printed letters on this page.

Like Professor Allen, the Glasgow experimenters found that the brain is able to control the sensitivity of the eye for images of all kinds, just as the brain can do for colors. It is possible, indeed, that the mechanism by which this is done has been discovered.

Seeing by the eye is done in reality, every student of physiology knows, by the nervous membrane called the retina which covers the inside of the back of the eyeball and receives the image made by the lens of the eye, just as the photographic plate at the back of a camera receives the image created by the lens of that instrument. This retina contains the millions of tiny nerve endings called the "rods and cones" which are believed to do the actual work of seeing. It also contains, anatomists long ago discovered, a network of other nerve cells which have been looked upon merely as way stations for the nerve impulses between the rods or cones and the brain.

The new experiments suggest that this idea may be wrong and that these other nerve cells in the eye's seeing membrane really have the important duty of connecting more or fewer of the rods and cones together in response to orders from the brain.

When the eye has to see something as well as possible in very dim light, it obviously is advantageous to connect as many rods or cones together as can be managed. Then the very tiny amount of light received by each rod or cone is reinforced by that received by nearby similar units so that the total light impulse becomes strong enough, perhaps, for transmission over the optic nerves. On the other hand, when there is plenty of light it is better for each rod or cone to work separately so that the whole field of view may be divided into as many separate bits as possible and that the whole impression may be as accurate as the eye is capable of perceiving.

Professor Houston, Professor Allen and other investigators have uncovered facts which suggest that some such change as this in the nervous connections inside the retina can be ordered, on occasion, by the brain, so that the eye's entire behavior is altered to make what it sees fit in with what the brain thinks—like Constantine's cross in the clouds.

In most cases, it is probable, the brain is correct in the optical orders it issues, just as the dispatcher is right in the orders that he issues to the conductors and engineers for the movement of trains. But once in a while, because of overwhelming fear, hope, despair, religious ecstasy, or some other powerful emotion, the brain goes wrong and imagines something to be true when it is not true, and sets the eye machinery at the wrong sensitivity to support its error.

"Seeing is believing," the brain seems to say, and adjusts the eye machinery so that it will not see anything which will contradict what it wants to believe, or adjusts it so that it will see only what it wants to believe; or, if either of these is not enough, makes some other adjustment that causes the picture that the brain has created appear to enter it through the eye—just as the image of the cross, and the Greek words which were certainly only in the Emperor Constantine's mind seemed to him to be written on the *far sky*.

How completely this idea explains "ghosts," apparitions and the many kinds of optical illusions which people report, must now be the task of physiology and psychology to discover by detailed scientific investigation.

The theory explains another curious phenomenon of the war—the number of men who suddenly became blind, but who recovered their sight when the war was over. Many of these men were imprisoned as malingerers, feigners of the disability, and others in England and France were executed. It now appears that these men were actually blind and no fakers at all. Their fear was so great that the brain cut off all sight. When the exigency that had imposed the blindness as a protective measure had passed, the brain restored the power to see.

And so, also, is explained why at the theatre, in looking over papers, or while walking along the street, or in many other of the ordinary activities of life, people continually miss things which it seems impossible that they cannot have seen. A business man, for example, will insist that a certain letter is not in a pile of correspondence which he has just looked through, yet subsequent search will show that it was there all the time. His brain has been convinced that the letter has been lost—therefore his eyes do not see it.

Some of these lapses of the mind are due, undoubtedly, to temporary failure of the memory process in the brain, but others may well be due to orders by the brain to the eye, as indicated by the work of Professor Allen and Professor Houston. Sometimes both may combine to let the brain fool itself, either accidentally or because the something that is missed is something unpleasant which the brain really does not wish to see.

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Elbow Macaroni Salad a la Mueller

1 Package Mueller's Elbow Macaroni
1 Cup celery, diced
½ Cup cabbage, shredded
1 Tablespoon parsley, minced
1 Tablespoon lemon juice
½ Teaspoon salt
½ Teaspoon paprika
1 Cup mayonnaise dressing
1 Head lettuce
Rose radishes

Boil the elbow macaroni for 9 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain and chill. Combine the elbow macaroni, celery, cabbage, parsley, lemon juice, salt and paprika. Add the mayonnaise dressing, chilled. Toss together with a fork and serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with rose radishes.

for *BEST* COOKING RESULTS

You *Need* this NEW TIMER

SUCCESS in cooking depends as much upon *correct cooking time* as upon the ingredients used.

A dish that is overcooked or undercooked is *not* a success. Guessing at the correct cooking time is *not* accurate enough to insure perfect results.

Here is a new cooking timer that makes guessing needless. It is called the Mueller Macaroni Timer but it may be used to time the cooking of any food—eggs, meats, vegetables, etc. It may be used for all dishes that require from three minutes to one hour of cooking.

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Just fill out the coupon in the lower right hand corner of this page and enclose 25 cents in stamps or coin. This merely covers the packing and mailing cost and in no way represents the true value of this Timer. With the Timer you will also receive the Mueller Recipe Book containing scores of tempting recipes and a host of suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

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While you're waiting for your Timer to arrive, try the delightful recipe given above. Be sure to ask for Mueller's when you order macaroni products from your grocer.

Mueller's Products not only *taste* good—they *are* good. Made from the very choicest ingredients and by exclusive processes, they cook up light and fluffy in nine minutes' boiling. There are no foods more healthful.

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I am enclosing 25 cents for which please send me the Mueller Macaroni Timer. Also include a copy of the Mueller Recipe Book.
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An Auto Smash Wins Wilda Bennett Her Third Husband

Tireless Merry-Go-Round of Romance and Trouble in the Career of the Musical Comedy Actress Whose Innocent Face Was Selected for the Part of "Conscience" and Who Next Was Fined Nearly $40,000 for Playing "Vamp" in Real Life

Wilda Bennett Sitting Beside the Portrait of Herself Painted by James Montgomery Flagg.

Mr. Charles C. Frey, Race-track Gambler, Who Won Wilda Bennett a Verdict of $37,500 for the Luxury of Stealing Him From His Wife.

Wilda Bennett in Her Role as "Madame Pompadour," Sophisticated Woman of the World.

The Sweet, Innocent Face of Wilda Bennett Was the Reason Why She Was Chosen to Play the Part of "Conscience" in the Allegorical Play, "Everywoman." Wilda Was a Convincing "Conscience," and Many Who Saw Her in the Play Were Startled to Read Later on That in Real Life She Had Been Accused of Playing the Part of "Vamp" and Had Stolen a Husband's Love From His Wife.

Mr. Fred Wettach, Brother of the New Husband of Wilda Bennett, Who Astonished Fashionable Society by Marrying Barbara Guggenheim, of the Rich Copper Magnates.

Mrs. Charles C. Frey, the Injured Wife, Who Sued Wilda for Vamping Her Husband and Won Her Suit.

LAST April Miss Wilda Bennett, musical comedy actress, sued young Anthony Wettach, horse-loving society man, of fashionable Deal, N. J., and brother-in-law of the Guggenheims, for $20,000.

She was riding in Tony's car and claimed that he was driving recklessly. This, together with a faulty catch on the door, was supposed to be the reason she suddenly pitched out into the road, where the car's hind wheel ran over her and ruined her musical career. The car did not run over her voice, but one of her legs, which was worse, because while women may sing successfully in musical comedy without any voice, they cannot possibly do so unless their legs are perfect.

As soon as Miss Bennett got out of the hospital and realized the extent of her damages she decided that somebody ought to pay her about a million dollars for that ruined career, but the only person who could possibly be responsible was Tony Wettach. Tony and Wilda had gone to school and been boy and girl playmates together ever since they could remember. It was too bad to ask her old chum for a lot of money like that, but somebody had to pay and there was nobody else to get after.

Tony admitted that one of Wilda's pretty legs was worth a million, but he hadn't any such sum and never hoped to have. Like many fashionable youths on the fringes of high society, it took his last cent to run around as he did with the real millionaires. Miss Bennett realized that this was true, so, to be very reasonable to her childhood friend, she pared down her demand to a mere $20,000, which nobody would deny is dirt cheap for spoiling a leg that supported a musical career. Surely he ought to be able to beg, borrow or save that amount even if he had to go without champagne for a while and let himself get posted for dues at his clubs.

To make sure that he did not forget, Wilda formally brought suit against Tony. But the months dragged on and young Wettach could not seem to scrape the money together. Hard times were hitting the millionaires as well as everyone else. Tony's brother, Fred, had married Barbara Guggenheim, of the very rich family of copper magnates, but copper was selling below the cost of production, mines were closing and the problem was how to pay interest on mortgages. Not a dollar could be borrowed there or anywhere else he knew of.

The bright thought occurred that as Wettach's car was heavily insured, the insurance company might pay that $20,000. But the company thought it a poor idea, said in their opinion he was not liable and therefore they were not. There was one other possibility. Many had expected Tony to marry some heiress as his brother Fred had done. If so, might it not be feasible for a groom to touch a very wealthy bride for a little piece of change like $20,000, even if times were hard?

It was Wilda herself who saw that would not do. What a shame it would be for a nice boy like Tony to throw himself away on some feminine money-bags just to borrow "twenty grand." Besides, she doubted if a bride in these hard, practical days would let go of that much money without knowing what it was for. And if she knew it was for another woman, there would be nothing doing.

Then, the other day, that suit was withdrawn, unnoticed by anyone. But a day or two later everyone took notice when Mayor Samuel R. Baker, of West Long Branch, N. J., married the plaintiff and the defendant. There was much speculation as to how a wrangle over money could end up in love and matrimony. Some, who were all wrong and didn't understand the situation, thought that the young man must have been offered the choice of two punishments, a $20,000 fine or matrimony. They pointed out that Federal District Attornies sometimes offer technical violators of the Mann "White Slave" act the choice of ten years in prison or marrying the girl. Usually the victims choose marriage as the lesser evil.

Of course, that is not what happened at all. Mr. Wettach feels that he is being rewarded, not punished. The two have always known and liked each other, and it only needed some unusual thing to make them fall in love. Everyone has heard of women being won by rough and brutal cave-man tactics, but there is plenty of evidence that men can also be won by cavegirl pursuit. For instance, Mr. Michael J. Casamassina, one of New York's handsomest bachelor policemen, resisted the tender vamping of numerous ladies until one day recently a widow, Florence Donato, beat him up with his own nightstick, knocking him cold. As soon as Mr. Casamassina had recovered his usual good looks he married the club-swinging cavelady.

To get some men to the altar a girl must "use no hooks," but with others it seems to be the only way. Miss Bennett used no physical violence on Mr. Wettach, but she was after him verbally all the time. There they were, a young man listening to a pretty girl forever talking about something unpleasant that could not be fixed. One obvious way to stop the flow of tiresome words from her pretty mouth was to throw his arms around her and kiss it.

This, at least, changed the subject to what he meant by such actions. When he had made the right answer, they went before the Mayor and Miss Bennett collected her third husband. She has not collected that $20,000 yet, but she now has a mortgage on the man himself, and as he has never been married before and therefore is paying no alimony, it is a first mortgage. Also she is now a relative by marriage of the Guggenheims, which gets her into Park Avenue society, where, according to the pictures on the society pages, legs are not absolutely essential.

This may perhaps cancel the debt entirely. Besides that leg is getting better looking all the time and it is rumored that she may be back on the stage next Fall, if there are no more accidents.

Wilda's life has been one of excitement that has kept her in the courts or in the newspapers much of the time. At the age of sweet sixteen she was a saintly-faced choir-singer at Asbury Park, but that life was too slow for little Wilda, so she ran away from her parents' home at Allenhurst to Broadway. Before her father, who is building inspector of Asbury Park, could find the runaway her innocent face had won her the part of "Conscience," in "Everywoman." This sounded like such a highly moral role that her parents allowed her to play it, but she had to commute home every night on the "owl" train.

"Everywoman" went to London and Miss Bennett went with it, returning several seasons later much more sophisticated than the little choir singer with that saintly face. Quickly she rose to fame and fortune, starring in "The Only Girl," "The Lady in Ermine", "Madame Pompadour", "The Music Box Revue" and "Apple Blossoms". As often happens, trouble came with prosperity. She had not been back on her native soil long when, in 1920, she had married and divorced her first husband, Robert Schable.

Five years later her public learned that Mrs. Katherine Frey, wife of "Good Time Charley" Frey, horseman and man about Broadway, had been unable to understand her husband's "purely platonic" affection for Wilda.

Mrs. Frey sued the actress for $100,000 heart balm for alienating her husband's affections. The trial, in Mineola, Long Island, was a battle between the two women and attracted universal interest.

Miss Bennett had a house in the actors' colony at Great Neck, which she sold just before the trial for $125,000. Her efforts to show how platonic had been her relations with Frey were ruined by the testimony of Celeste Badan, a French butler she had employed in that house. With unconscious humor he kept throwing the courtroom into uproars of laughter by insisting on referring to Mr. Frey and Miss Bennett as Mr. and Mrs. Bennett. He told how Frey stayed at Wilda's home all the time, drove her car and bossed her servants. It did not trouble Badan that the couple came to breakfast in their pajamas. That he considered their business, but one night when they ordered him to carry a trunk upstairs, that was not treating him with proper respect and he told them it was the business of the chauffeur to handle baggage.

When asked where she had lived after selling her house, Miss Bennett calmly answered, as if she were merely giving her address to a tradesman:

"I am the guest of Mr. Frey at his Great Neck home."

That Frey had driven her cars was confirmed in a tragic manner by the fact that once when he was so doing he had run into a motorcycle side car, causing the death of Anna Beach. According to the records, he was not only driving but had no driver's license. Miss Bennett had bailed him out, but suffered the loss of her own license for permitting an unlicensed person to drive her car. The jury decided that Wilda had vamped Charley away from his wife, but, after seeing him and listening to him in the court room, they assessed his value as a husband at only $37,500, which the actress was ordered to pay.

Frey was divorced, too, and, as usual after heartbalm and divorce cases, the public expected Wilda to marry Charley, now that he was free and she had paid so heavily for him. Instead her public was surprised to learn that she had married a swarthy Brazilian gentleman named Pepe de Albro, a dancing teacher she had met at Texas Guinan's night club. That romance was short if not specially sweet. Before some people had heard that she was married, Wilda was announcing her divorce. Her complaint was that Pepe was all for Pepe and gave no attention to his wife. She said that he was always thinking of his good looks and his dancing but never of her. Asked if she would ever marry again, Miss Bennett made this strangely prophetic reply:

"Not on purpose, perhaps accidentally—who can tell?"

It did take an automobile accident to pitch her into matrimony a third time. Soon after the alienation suit Wilda ran to the police with the news that somebody had stolen the $5,000 roadster in which Frey had killed Miss Beach. The police were able to return it to her on Thanksgiving Day and about the same time the State authorities returned her revoked license.

Mrs. Charlotte K. Palmer then dragged Wilda into court for non-payment of $1,633 rent due on her sublet apartment at No. 59 East 90th Street, New York. The court gave judgment for that amount and threw out Miss Bennett's counter claim of $7,000. The actress said she had spent $4,500 of this for detectives, dogs and iron gratings to make the apartment safe and $2,500 more for furniture to make it habitable. When Mrs. Palmer got her premises back she sued for $1,000 for damages to piano, glass, crockery, floors and walls, but this time collected only $400.

Wilda was also stuck $1,279 for board and medical attention, including tooth-filling, for a horse named Greenbrier only worth $115, which she boarded but forgot about. With all these judgments piling up, Wilda did not show any eagerness to pay until one day the courts appointed a receiver for her finances and then the bills were met, including one for 10½ hours of her lawyer's time.

Other people getting into trouble used to drag Wilda into the limelight with them. When Harold R. Ryder was indicted in connection with insolvency of his stock market firm it had to come out that he had spent his last evening before the crash with Wilda at a night club. Also the mean creditors wanted to know whether she had really paid anything for those 200 shares of Steel stock she had gotten through his house.

The day she and her latest husband set sail for their Florida honeymoon the weather department ordered storm signals hung out all the way down to Key West, but they claim it was only a coincidence and had nothing to do with the fact that Mrs. Wettach was moving in that direction.

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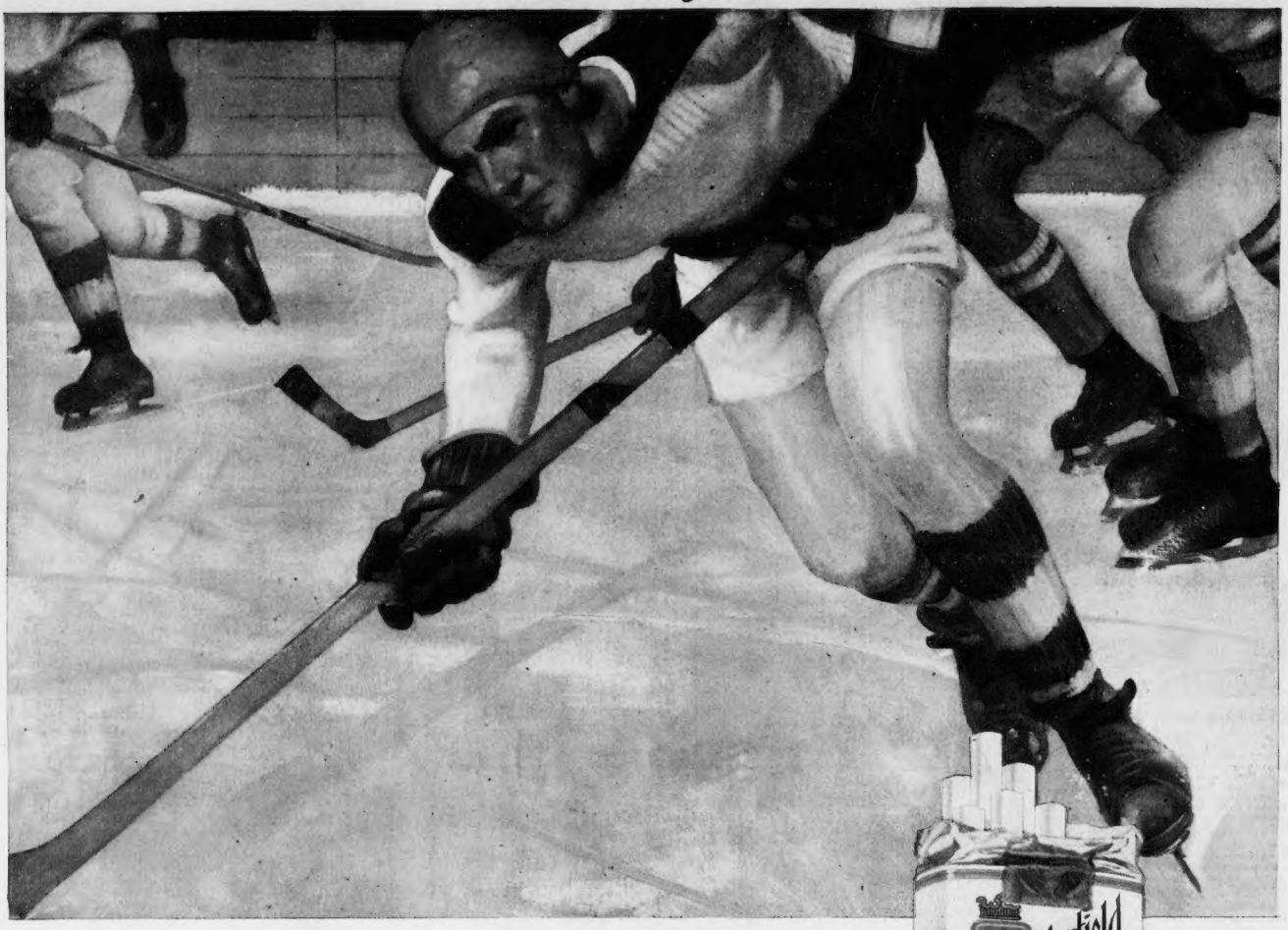
ONE *will always stand out!*



Straight to the goal . . .

Streaking over a mirror of ice, the hockey star seems everywhere at once . . . but he never forgets that the winning shot must go straight for the net.

Chesterfield, too, takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—mildness and better taste—the fragrant mildness and richer aroma of fully ripened, first-quality tobaccos—

A COOL . . . *and* COMFORTABLE SMOKE

They Satisfy

—that's *Why!*

Chesterfield

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The New Evening Gowns

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

Almost as Soon as the Long Evening Mode Was Established the Paris Designers Revived the Deep Fur Hem Which Gives a Touch of Gorgeousness to an Evening Gown That no Other Trimming Can Give. Lanvin Has Gone a Step Further, and Revived Marabou. The Drawing Shows It on a Black Satin Evening Gown. The Gown Is Rather Slim in Effect, and the Belt Is at the Natural Place. Skillful Cutting Gives Flare to the Lower Part of the Skirt in Order to Take Care of the Deep Band of Black Marabou That Trims It. The Skirt Just Escapes the Floor All Round.

A Model by Maggy Rouff in White Satin and Frills Grouped in Front of the Skirt. At the Waist There Is a Group of White Flowers on the Order of Gardenias.

One of the Newer Ways of Treating Lace Is to Place It Over Crinoline Cloth. The Gown in This Model by Renee Is Handled in This Way. It Is of Black, and the Front Is Quite Plain, While in the Back There Is a Suggestion of a Peplum and an Interesting Arrangement of Bretelle—Shoulder Straps. A Bunch of Turquoise Blue Flowers Match the Little Turquoise Velvet Wrap That Is Worn as an Accessory. Turquoise and Black Is One of the Favorite Color Combinations of Paris.

This Gown From Philippe et Gaston Presents a Black and White Contrast. It Is One of the Thin Chiffons Brocaded With a White Velvet Raised Design. A Fur Band at the Hem Is in Ermine Dyed Black. The Belt Is a Black Velvet Ribbon.

PARIS, January 2.

NEVER have we had a richer nor more diversified fashion in evening dress. Every material, velvet, satin, lace, chiffon and georgette, even splendid lames and embroideries, are all seen whenever Parisians don their "grandes toilettes." Styles are as varied. The only point of similarity seems to be the length of the skirt, for the skirt that touches or just escapes the ground is the accepted one for important events.

Trains are reserved for the occasional private party, particularly a dinner, where one knows in advance that there will be plenty of room for them. It is true that a long ankle-length is accepted for small informal dinners, or for the theatre, but it does not make its appearance on grand occasions.

Certain modifications, however, have taken place since the long evening skirt was definitely introduced in the Summer of 1925. The thoughts of many designers then turned to the past for inspiration, and there were evening models that looked more like old portraits, or selections from the family photograph album, than like modern gowns, intended for a practical and mechanical age. All this costume feeling has been banished from the midseason collections. The models offered to the public may have a certain picturesque quality of their own, but it is picturesqueness of the present, and not of the past. This is well illustrated in the four models on these pages, all of which are distinctive, while none is strongly reminiscent of any historical epoch.

Lace continues to be one of the most important of evening fabrics. In every gathering of well-dressed women it is safe to say that a large proportion, sometimes more than half, the gowns will be of lace. It is seen in black, white and the pastel shades. It is often seen in some shade of red. The model from Renee is charming and very typical of the attenuation of the "interest in the back" which was so exaggerated in the first Winter collections that there were gowns that looked like reconstructions of those of the Seventies and Eighties. The rudimentary little back peplum is all that is left of it in this model, and the addition of the turquoise flowers above it, though it points back to bustle styles, is reduced to so mere a suggestion that there is no costume feeling involved.

Frills are still used in all possible and impossible ways. In the August collections some of the leading designers, among them Chanel and Worth, ran their frill up the back of the gown in a fashion that made one think forcibly of the "tie-backs." Now Maggy Rouff comes forward with a white satin model that uses frills in front. Here, also, artificial flowers are used to accentuate the intention of the line. They are white gardenias. The gown is in satin, which remains one of the leading, if not the leading, evening material. It is worn by the smartest women in Paris on all important occasions, and was featured in the midseason collections that have just taken place.

Almost as soon as the long evening mode was established, the designers revived the deep fur hem which gives a touch of elegance to an evening gown that no other trimming can achieve. Lanvin, in the model sketched, has gone further back still and revived marabou. She used this first at the hem of a pair of black satin pajamas. Then, liking the effect, she added it to a black satin evening gown, otherwise extremely simple in line. She has also used it in white on a white georgette frock with a high waistline.

The use of fur on evening dresses is continued. The designers put it, not only at the hem, but on hip peplums, on shoulder straps, and sometimes in a wide band just above the knee. Worth has made a wonderful draped gown for the Queen of Spain, in pale pink georgette, outlining the oval decollete in the back, with a band of rich dark-brown mink that looks almost like Russian sable.

The model from Philippe et Gaston is also trimmed with fur, in this case black ermine. Here the gown is made of one of the chiffons that are brocaded with a raised design in velvet, white on white. The fur band at the hem is repeated in the little fur jacket, lined with white satin, and faced back with ermine. It has scalloped edges and elbow sleeves. It would be particularly useful to wear in hotel dining rooms, or to the theatre in cold weather, but, of course, it is too short to take the place of a Winter evening wrap, which would be worn over it.

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Leading New York beauty experts

endorse the olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of over 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential in complexion care.

NEW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Their method is simple

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equaled.

They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamorous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Here's the way to do it

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Youth

depends for its charm on lovely skin! Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!

You probably know how soap and water acts on the skin: how its creamy lather lifts the dirt from the pores, removes impurities, oil, bacteria from under the surface of the skin. And Palmolive—because it is made of the priceless oils of olive and palm—has a particularly efficient cleansing value.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the cake.

In Hollywood

76 of the 80 experts advise Palmolive

In Screenland's capital, where close-ups make skin care essential to success, 76 of the entire 80 beauty specialists advise Palmolive. They are specialists to your favorite screen stars. They are responsible for the beauty-success of world famous stars. Their advice is: Use Palmolive to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skins, however sensitive. Once or twice during the day, cleanse thoroughly with the soothing lather of Palmolive."

Rose Laird

ALICE S. RYAN
Dean of the Royal Institute of Hair and Beauty Culture, is a teacher as well as a practicing expert in beauty culture. She advises Palmolive!

MONSIEUR PAUL
of Emile et Paul, Fifth Avenue beauty artists, says: "Repeated experiments have convinced us that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. Use Palmolive."

PIERRE
of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive Soap."

LOUIS PARME
of East Fifty-Fifth Street, warns against the irritations of ordinary soaps and says: "We specify Palmolive—a pure soap."

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

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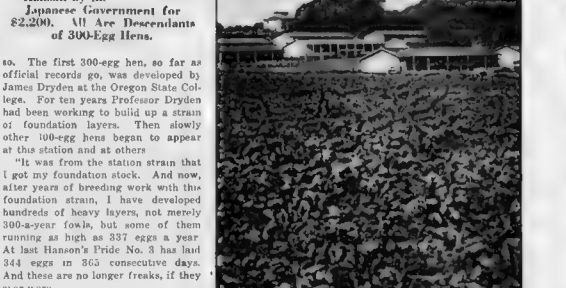
344 Eggs in 365 Days

Latest Achievement in Breeding American Champion Egg Layers Encourages Efforts to Produce an Egg-a-Day-All-Year-Round-Continuous-Performance Hen

Photograph of the Champion Egg-laying Hen of the World, Proudly Standing on a Basket Containing the Equivalent of Her Year's Product, Nearly Eleven Times Her Own Weight.

Interesting Photograph of the World's Largest Egg-Producing Plant in Southern California. Here 300,000 Hens Labor Under Skilled Management, but Produce No Such Quantity as 300 Eggs a Year Each. The "Egg-Maids" Are Said to Be ex-Movie Girls Who Are Unable to Find Work in the Hollywood Studios.



The 55 Fowls Purchased of Mr. Hanson by the Japanese Government for $2,200. All Are Descendants of 300-Egg Hens.

A Section of the Hanson Poultry Plant, Showing the Open-Front Chicken Houses and the Growth of Kale, or Headless Cabbage, for Winter Feeding.

THE progressive Japanese Government has just bought in Oregon for $2,200 three pens of pedigreed White Leghorn poultry. Included in the lot is the new world's champion egg-laying hen, Hanson's Pride No. 3, which has hung up a record of 344 eggs in one year. This is at the rate of one egg on every week day and on thirty-one Sunday. Champion hens pay no attention to union hours. "Hanson's Pride," the hen's name, missed laying just 21 days, equivalent to a three weeks' vacation. The new champion weighs four pounds and her average egg two ounces, so that in a year she produces 43 pounds of eggs—nearly eleven times her own weight.

Less than twenty years ago, the 300-egg hen was believed by experts to be an impossibility. For eight years a fowl known to fame as the "Maine Experimental Station Hen" was considered the world's greatest egg layer, but in its most fertile year it produced only 251 eggs. Then Hen No. C-543 of the Oregon State Experimental Station took first honors with 291, a record which stood until 1914, when Lady McDuff, of the same strain, astounded the poultry world by "breaking 300."

Many poultry men would not believe it, declaring the record was either a fake or an error. Lady McDuff's record was 302 eggs, officially attested by the Oregon Agricultural College. She was the product of ten years of selective breeding by James Dryden, of the Oregon Experiment Station. With one exception, since then all the champion egg-layers have been products of what is known as the "Dryden 10 year breeding."

In 1917, Mollie Wellington, a Light Brahma owned by Lee R. Wellington, of Los Angeles County, California, achieved the world's champion-hip by producing 325 eggs in one year.

Mollie's record was broken in 1921 by Lady Jewel, an Oregon fowl which laid 336 eggs that year. This record was bettered by two by Hanson's Pride's mother, and now Hanson's Pride No. 3 holds the championship with the unprecedented score of 344. She is of the famous 300-egg strain started by Dryden.

The sale to the Japanese Government was made by J. A. Hanson of Corvallis, Oregon. The lot comprised five cockerels at $115 each, $575 for the pen; twenty-five pullets at $40 each, $1,000 for the pen, and another pen of 25 pullets at $25 each. This is an average of $40 each for the 55 birds. Some of these pullets came from three generations of 300-egg hens.

"When the fact of the 300-eggs-a-year hen was admitted by a skeptical poultry world," said Mr. Hanson, in discussing the sale, "the value of the fact was persistently questioned. The hen was said to be only a freak, without significance as to the egg ability of her descendants. 'You will never see a 300-egg hen that is the descendant of a 300-egg hen,' was the challenge.

"And for many generations this was so. The first 300-egg hen, so far as official records go, was developed by James Dryden at the Oregon State College. For ten years Professor Dryden had been working to build up a strain of foundation layers. Then slowly other 100-egg hens began to appear at this station and at others.

"It was from the station strain that I got my foundation stock. And now, after years of breeding work with this foundation strain, I have developed hundreds of heavy layers, not merely 300-a-year fowls, but some of them running as high as 337 eggs a year. At last Hanson's Pride No. 3 has laid 344 eggs in 365 consecutive days. And these are no longer freaks, if they ever were.

"Almost 10 per cent of these flocks are in the 300 class. Of the ten birds picked for the 1928-'29 egg-laying contest at Storrs, Connecticut, seven of them, without alternate or substitute, laid more than 300 eggs each—the lowest of the seven was 302, the highest 320.

"The pen at Storrs lacked only eleven eggs of averaging 300 eggs for the ten hens of the pen. They laid, as recorded by the contest officials, a total of 2,989 eggs, having begun vigorously the next day after arriving at the end of a 3,000-mile journey. And they were all, without exception, daughters and granddaughters of 300-egg hens, both on their dam and sire sides, for five or more generations.

"Of course, the hens at Storrs were all "trap-nested," as are all the dams at the Hanson farm. Poultrymen refer to laying hens as dams. A trap-nest is one in which the hen automatically locks herself when she enters to lay. There can be no doubt about the antecedents of the egg.

"The Japanese Government, with characteristic efficiency, is engaged in building up the somewhat diminutive strains of the native poultry. For several years the Mikado's agents have been purchasing foundation stock in this and other countries. The recent purchase was the fourth made from Mr. Hanson. It was negotiated in person by Mr. Tirohico Kondo, director of the Higo Poultry Experiment Station of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry, assisted by Mr. Massaichi Hada, agent of the Nasows Export and Import Company of New York.

Each of the 55 birds sent to Japan carries the key to its identity on a metal leg-band. They were crated for shipment, underwritten against [illegible] transit and put aboard the "Asama Maru" for the long trip to Japan. Carefully selected Japanese [illegible] will feed and look after the fowls until they reach their new home at Higo. Previous shipments arrived without the loss of a bird and [illegible] and heavy egg-laying. [illegible] train and ocean trips do not disturb true-blooded champion layers.

The strain will probably be kept pure for several generations, until it is numerous enough to season large experiment station flocks for distribution to producing poultrymen. The Hanson strain has so far been kept apart, not only from native flocks, but also from imported strains from other States and countries.

Besides Japan, Hanson has shipped his poultry to New Zealand, Spain, Sweden, Canada, Mexico, Venezuela, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Chile, China, Russia, England and Trinidad, Port of Spain. Shipments of birds from this farm have gone to all the great continents but Africa. And heavy shipments of eggs for hatching have gone to many other countries.

Production of champion egg layers presents many problems — housing, foods and feeding and handling, as well as hand-picking the best, generation after generation, and mating them. Mr. Hanson goes in for quality rather than quantity and says his personal [illegible]. It is said that he can relate offhand the entire pedigree of every fowl he owns.

[illegible] Hanson "plant," as it is known to poultry circles [illegible] but efficient. The food and [illegible] adapted to the character [illegible] of the flock and to the soil, [illegible] and contour of the plant. The [illegible] sloping hillside on which the [illegible] situated catches the early [illegible] sun, with a substantial background of oak trees to shield houses [illegible] winds from western sea breezes. [illegible] and Autumn in that part of [illegible] are ideal in temperature and [illegible]. Summers are slightly dry [illegible] for a few days somewhat warm, [illegible]. Winters are rainy with moderate temperature. These conditions make it possible to regulate the temperature of the chicken houses within rather narrow limits, but there is no coddling of inmates in the chicken pens.

[illegible] climatic conditions also make it possible to serve green feed the year round. And this is a big factor in achieving the purposes of feeding as worked out on this poultry farm. For feeding is not merely to get growth, vigor and egg yield. More important is the holding back of the development of early-hatched pullets so that they will not go into egg production so early as to induce heavy moult and consequent non-laying at the best season of the year for handling and marketing table eggs—Fall and Winter.

This holding-back program must achieve its end without injury to the growing fowls. And just as fat reduction for the human body is a delicate matter likely to be harmful, so many poultrymen claim that holding back pullet development cannot be done without injury. But [illegible] know the work and the [illegible] Hanson flocks feel that [illegible] pay" affecting [illegible] most welcome addition to the [illegible] in their own flock.

Plenty of food [illegible] given the growing birds, but much of it [illegible] deprived of its early-developing [illegible]. Milk from which all butterfat [illegible] removed, grains with much of the starch and proteins eliminated, and plant food of leaves without head and seeds are used in the rations. These, as mixed and fed, do not rush premature development, but do impart health, vigor and endurance to the young birds which they later capitalize in almost unheard-of egg production. And they keep it up year after year for more years than plebian fowl usually live—and then pass the gift along to their progeny.

Rations that develop these qualities without rushing the pullets into premature egg production likewise develop large food capacity for handling the balanced rations that are fed when the right laying season arrives.

Since the food has been deprived of its richest elements, more of it needs to be taken to promote steady growth for the heavy work laid out for the pullets.

Simplicity of every kind, with lack of coddling of any kind, characterizes the entire plant, feeds, housing and management. The open-front houses are open the year round, with front set to leeward of prevailing winds. Simple grain and milk rations are the [illegible] for the baby chicks, [illegible] for growing pullets and [illegible] for the [illegible] and winter [illegible]. Pasturage [illegible] direction is [illegible] beginning of houses [illegible] and removal of the house [illegible] once a week. Clean [illegible] and [illegible] round out the feeding.

These health and strength qualities, as well as high egg yield, are carried [illegible] to the four corners [illegible] to which they are sent. [illegible] not only [illegible] world the [illegible] hen out-proves [illegible] laying abilities [illegible].

[illegible] year-round [illegible] a matter of time [illegible]. Mr. Hanson on [illegible] has conducted [illegible] working hen [illegible] and [illegible] marvelous a few years [illegible] loved impossible, but he has not yet helped learned scientists any in that controversial matter of which came first: the hen or the egg.

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Mystery of the "Leopard Men" of the Afric

Lady Dorothy Mills, Explorer, Relates a the Murderous Se Cannibals—She and the Same Brain of the

Lady Dorothy Mills, Wrapped in the Skin of the Leopard She Shot in West Africa.

By Lady Dorothy Mills.

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LONDON, January 2.

ON A divan in my London drawing room is strewn a large leopard skin. Sometimes, when the evenings are chilly, I find it a comfortable thing to throw over my knees as I read or write. And as I do so it is curious to reflect that, if the beliefs of many thousands of black men in the West African bush be true, then my leopard skin once contained the spirit of a human being.

I cannot vouch for the truth of this belief—though I have learned that in Africa many strange things happen and have their being. I can only relate what happened when, a year or two ago, I shot that leopard.

I was traveling through the hinterland of the Guinea Coast, in a vast tract of forest country utterly unpeopled by white men. The going was bad, through swampy jungle so dense that one rarely saw the sky overhead, and the porterage problem was difficult, but I was lucky in having with me four excellent black servants, who, from affection for me, had braved their fears to accompany me from the coast into the dreaded interior.

Once in a big village I camped for a fortnight to rest and reprovision. As usual in African villages, I, with my traveling pharmacy, was in much request as a doctor, for the primitive black has an unshaken belief in the white man's medicine and curative powers. Everywhere one goes one is pestered for cures for any and every ailment, of some of which one has not even heard.

Here one of my favorite patients was a boy baby, grandson of the local chief, King Obiri, pride and joy of the old man's life. The child was suffering from some kind of stomach trouble, of which, more by luck than skill I am afraid, I managed to cure him. The gratitude of the old chief was overwhelming, and he appeared to revere me as a kind of god, offering me every service in his power. But to my request for a big relay of porters to take me and my outfit through the next tract of country, he shook his head dubiously.

"White woman, you have saved the life of my grandson and the future of my tribe," he said, "and I beg of you not to try and cross the Great Swabi forest. It is the country of the Human Leopards, evil men, who by bad magic take on the forms of animals and roam unknown paths, killing, torturing and eating the flesh of men. They have a mighty chief, Oku, who is more than man; many mysterious deaths are reported, and there is a reign of terror over the neighborhood. To reach the Swabi River, beyond which the Leopard Men dare not go, our travelers take a very long road round to avoid the haunted forest. I beg of you to change your road."

I had heard from frightened natives on the coast and from my own servants something of the secret Society of Human Leopards, who boast the power of lycanthropy, or power to change from man to beast and vice versa for their own horrible cannibalistic ends. I felt a curiosity to study them at close quarters, so I over-rode my old friend's objections and started off through the Swabi forest. At the principal village of the M'Banos, who occupy the region, I again made a halt, installing myself in a clean, newly built hut and set myself down to my studies.

I learned a good deal about lycanthropy and, in particular, about the habits and methods of the Leopard Society. It was true, as the Chief Obiri had said, that there was a reign of terror over that sinister country. No strangers came that way, no man or woman ventured along the paths after dusk, there was none of the usual evening dancing and merrymaking, and by sundown everyone had shut themselves into their huts.

In externals the M'Banos much resembled any other tribe, and in their attitude toward me seemed indifferent, if a trifle suspicious. But it was known that among them there were many members of the society of Human Leopards, although of the exact identity of these no one was aware, not even members of their own families. Normally leading the life of ordinary citizens, on certain nights, it appeared, led by their chief, Oku, the witch doctor, they disappeared, wearing the insignia or disguise of their cult. Their chests they daubed with white chalk, on their backs were coverings of yellow, plaited grass, through which the black skin could be seen, resembling the spots of the leopard. The heads of leopards covered their faces, and they wore long, curved metal claws on their hands, with which to rip up the bodies of their victims. Thus equipped, they scoured the paths for their prey, whom they carried off to a remote lair in the forest to consume at their feasts. Sometimes, not content with immolating people of other tribes, they offered up members of their own tribe, or even of their own families. Man, woman or child, no one was safe from them.

"Leopard Men" Captured, Convicted and Chained Together, on Their Way to Imprisonment for Murder and Cannibalism.

It was Oku, the witch doctor, who had started this reign of terror, for he was said to possess the power of lycanthropy, possessed only by a few Human Leopards, of changing, especially at the time of the full moon, into the form of a real leopard, with all its cunning and savagery and skill in hunting. In appearance he was a tall, powerfully built man, with a sullen and suspicious expression, and half of his left ear was missing, as if it had been torn off in a fight. Incidentally, it was believed that if during the animal metamorphosis a Leopard Man received a wound, that same wound would persist in his human form, and that should the animal form die the man also would die.

'Misaus, if ever we meet a leopard with ear torn off, him be Oku," apropos of this Ticao said to me with a grin.

Ticao was the head man of my little safari (porters), a coast man and a Baptist, a sceptic, afraid of nothing in Heaven or Hell, ugly as sin, and devoted to me as a big dog. It was he who a few days later saved me perhaps from unwittingly becoming a cannibal myself! It happened that through ignorance of the country I had left civilization insufficiently provided with tinned meats, and here, as elsewhere, I had broadcasted my desire to buy meat—antelope or gazelle or anything edible that might be caught or trapped. One evening I was sitting at the door of my hut, bargaining with an itinerant native over a joint of what I took to be antelope, when Ticao came up and, to my surprise, seized the meat, brandishing it furiously in the face of the vendor. In answer to my remonstrance he spat on the ground.

"Wah! Him no gazelle!" he exclaimed angrily. "Him man. Look!——" He tore the flesh, showing me the bone. "See, him thigh bone of man!"

He may have been right, and anyway I was glad to have escaped the unpleasant possibilities of cannibalism, but I was inclined to take all this "leopard palaver" with a grain of salt, believing such cases to be isolated instances such as one may encounter in many parts of the African bush. But a few nights later I was shocked out of my scepticism when my under-boy, Vani, dragged himself into my quarters to die. Terribly mangled, the flesh in parts hanging from his bones, he was yet able to tell me of an attack by a band of men, as he had wandered down to the river to drink; men dressed in yellow rags, who crouched on all fours and snarled like leopards, who clawed at him with iron fingers, despite his desperate resistance, till, frightened by an unexpected sound, they let him go and vanished, leaving him with only just strength to crawl back to me.

The poor black boy, a gentle, devoted soul, died with his head in my lap. I was furious at this murderous outrage. Alone, with only three frightened servants in a vast savage country, a hundred miles from the nearest white face, I wondered how I could effectively wreak vengeance on such soulless bestial monsters. Suddenly I had an idea, a wildly fantastic idea. I had proved through Ticao's investigations that Oku, the witch doctor, had been the instigator of the attack. Although I could not, I supposed, kill a man in cold blood, however great a monster he might be, I resolved to find out if there were any truth in Oku's alleged powers of lycanthropy and if, indeed, he could or ever did transmogrify himself into a leopard, I determined to shoot him down while in that form like a dog. That would not, it seemed to me, be murder, but it would be rough justice and perhaps salvation to many hapless souls.

Dancing Girls and Huts in a Village of the M'Bano Tribe.

"Leopard Men" of the M'Bano Tribe.

Only Ticao, who feared neither god, devil nor human, backed up my project. My two other boys, much as they appeared to love me, would, I think, have run away if I had tried to coerce them.

"I fix him, Missus," he said with his impish monkey grin. "I know him leopard palaver, I find him lair. I smell, we go look-see, you shoot. White missus shoot, Leopard Man die one time."

So I left Ticao to do the staff work till, a night or two later, he told me that Oku, in his animal form, would assuredly be at the lair. An hour after dusk, when the little fires in the market place had died down and the village apparently slept in the moonlight, we set forth. And at the very last moment I thought that even Ticao's nerve had failed him.

"Missus," he whispered in the darkness of

an Jungle

the Well-Known n Experience With ret Society of hoots a Leopard Bullet, She Is Told, Drills the Skull and Leader of the "Leopard Men"

DOROTHY MILLS is the daughter of the rl of Orford, and well known both in the hionable salons of London and also for her ons of exploration to remote corners of the here oftentimes no white woman had ever before. Readers of the American Weekly ull a recent article by Lady Dorothy on her ce with the witchcraft of Africa. his page today Lady Dorothy narrates a remarkable experience with the "Leopard Men" of the African wilderness. The murderous activities of these secret societies of savages have caused no end of worry to the authorities in the British, French and Belgian areas of responsibility. Working secretly and at night, it is difficult to lay hands on these ferocious cannibals, and the native villages are full of extraordinary tales of their magic and supernatural exploits.

e hut. "This be bad business too much. Leopard Man bad man. He eat your bones. Missus not scared?"

"I'm not scared. Are you?" I queried. He looked hurt, and, picking up my rifle, led me by the outskirts of the village down a narrow trail, scarcely defined, that ran into the heart of the jungle.

After nearly an hour's walk through tangled undergrowth, we emerged into a small open clearing, where the ground was stamped hard by the pounding of many feet. In the centre was an accumulation of gray ashes, the remains of many fires, and—which made me catch a horrified breath—a scattered pile of bones. I glanced at Ticao, who nodded.

"Him bones of man and woman," he said matter-of-factly, picking up a handful. "See, him leg of man . . him another . ." He held aloft a bone smaller than the others. "Him bone of small, small boy. Leopard Man like baby."

"Ticao, shut up!" I exclaimed, feeling a little upset. He took me to a corner of the clearing, where he had elected that we should conceal ourselves. Certainly it was a good hiding place, with e wind blowing away from us—a deep hole in e trunk of a giant baobab tree, with buttressed ots, just large enough to hold us both, and nted by a cactus that would serve to hide our es. Duly concealed, we proceeded to wait.

Though uncomfortable, we had a good view the "lair." The light of the moon gave it a ister air, with its hearth of gray charred ashes ewn with that grisly pile of bones. The latter my excited imagination seemed to take on the m and semblance of their dead owners, twisted d agonized, and the light night wind seemed galvanize them into faint movement. The sie and suspense of waiting began to get on nerves; my cramped position was intolerle, but I did not dare to change my position, I did not know who or what might be near, the things and people of the jungle have exely sharp ears. It seemed an eternity that waited there.

Suddenly Ticao laid a warning hand on my ee. There was an almost imperceptible rusg of the bushes, and, like a tawny ghost, uching low, an enormous leopard crept into clearing. It was one of the biggest leopards ave ever seen, and—which made me catch my ath—half the left ear was missing!

"Oku!" I murmured under my breath, incredously.

Reaching the ashes, the leopard sharply ked its head in all directions, sniffing the air, d for a moment I trembled lest the wind had anged its quarter. But my luck held, for the ature at last crouched to rest, then, raising its ad, let out a long howl that echoed through jungle. Three times it howled, and the nd sent a chill down my spine. It scarcely ded the howl of an animal, but there was out it something shrill and unbearably human.

Inactivity was fretting me, and it seemed now never if I were to pot that leopard. I started raise my rifle, but again Ticao gave me a warn- signal. And just in time, for again the shes parted, and into the lair, crouching low, mbled over a dozen shadowy forms.

They were the members of the Human Leopard society. In the half light at first it was difficult to tell if they were animal or human. They went on all fours, with the rippling, gliding gait of the real animal; they uttered low snarling noises, and sometimes one snapped at another. The yellow coverings on their backs gleamed like the hide of a leopard, yellow heads and fangs obscured the humanity of their faces; their iron claws scored the ground. Slowly they made a circle round the beast that squatted among the ashes, grovelling, their stomachs to the ground, with the air of fawning dogs. It was like watching some repulsive masque, such as one sees in the throes of delirium, and I felt a cold perspiration break out on my face. The beast, their master, appeared to observe them for a moment motionless, then, turning, it crept off into the darkness, followed by its sub-human pack. Ticao looked at me, and made to take my rifle.

"No good tonight," he whispered. "Tonight they go hunt." . . . The shrug of his shoulders was significant. "Another night when come alone."

I could have cried with disappointment and taut nerves. Having screwed myself up to the pitch of attempting this unnatural pseudo-murder, I was in half a mind to wait for the return of Oku and his pack, in the hope of catching him alone, and of getting a shot at him. But, as Ticao reminded me, he would not be alone, nor would his pack be alone. Of a certainty, when they returned they would have with them victims. The feast would be long and riotous. To remain would be useless suicide or the contemplation of a sight too distressing to bear, that would, I think, have driven any normal person mad.

Ticao promised me another chance, and when that chance, on the night of the full moon, was due, I had made careful preparations. By this time I had realized the risks I ran and how, should my project prove successful, that my life was not worth a cent should I remain in the vicinity of the M'Banos. Ostensibly the day before I departed for good, with a small string of porters, utterly ignorant of my intentions, and whom I encamped some ten miles further down the road to the Swabi River, the French boundary, where safety lay.

Once more, alone with Ticao I crept forth to our hiding place. And here in the clearing, if by any chance my nerve had failed me, the sight we saw would have stung it into fierce life. Evidently during that week of the full moon the Leopard Men had been busy and their hunting good. Among a heap of fresh bones, trussed up with leather thongs, lay the body of a woman, clearly but newly dead, a young and good looking native woman, apparently an expectant mother, still with a twisted expression of agony on the round black face, whose eyeballs stared blindly up at the sky. In spite of a nausea that shook me, again I saw red, and as I thought of Oku, that supple, black and yellow monster approaching in the shadows, for the first time in my life I felt a real and overwhelming desire to kill.

This time we had not long to wait, and Oku, the leopard, crouching and rippling, came alone. This time, too, I did not delay. Ignoring Ticao's caution, as soon as Oku came into sight I rested my rifle on an outstanding buttress of the baobab tree, took deliberate and careful aim and fired.

It was a lucky shot. It caught him just behind the ear, and, even before I could fire my second barrel, the great tawny beast had leaped, as if galvanized, into the air, spun round in a circular manner and fallen to the ground, stone dead. I darted forward, and as I reached the body, though the life already had gone out of it, there came the sound of a low, whistling moan, almost human. Again I felt a sense of nausea. For a moment it seemed to me that I had committed murder, that the body of a real man lay before me. I felt that I was being cursed by all the pagan gods of the jungle, by the dark gods of Africa. Then Ticao's voice sounded jubilantly behind me:

"The spirit of Oku gone away," he said with his irrepressible grin. "Tomorrow they find man's body in hut, with big hole in him head."

"What are you doing?" I asked him. He had turned the leopard over on his back, and was ripping up its stomach.

"I skin him," he answered, working rapidly. "Leopard skin good grigri" (spell).

Feverishly we worked, conscious that at any moment, now that the moon had risen, the Leopard Men might arrive from the village for the feast. But I, too, had a passionate desire to possess that sinister skin.

The work done, we ran—Heavens, how we ran! The excitement over, we suddenly realized the danger we were in should the Leopard Men come up and find the bleeding body of their master. But once more luck seemed to hold, for there was no sound from the darkness behind us. Panting, stumbling over the gnarled roots of trees, sinking into the swamp underfoot, we ran, while the bleeding, speckled hide of Oku waved like a gory banner over the shoulder of Ticao in front. At the end of an hour we flung ourselves down exhausted in the little camp, where my men slept like tired animals.

A mouthful of food, a brief rest and we were again on the march, for my porters were frightened. Whether, through the sixth sense that lies in savage man, they had guessed at our deed or whether they merely feared the darkness of the haunted forest, they were deadly frightened, and for once pushed forward with none of the usual African grumbling and delay. I had been unable to procure enough porters for the hammock, in which I traveled whenever possible, so I had to go on foot at a jog-trot. Sleepless, hungry, worn out with the excitements of the night, I was so tired that nothing but will power kept me going.

And then just as dawn began to tinge the sky it seemed as if our worst fears were realized, for from the distance came the sound of tramping feet, of breaking undergrowth and the cries of hurrying men. The Swabi River still lay ten miles ahead. Had the Leopard Men followed us? We went on running. There was nothing we could do to protect ourselves.

I began to feel that I could run no more, that if I had to die I would rather die sitting down. And then from the throats of the leading men a yell rent the Heavens. Round a bed in the trail, leaping and screaming and waving long spears, ran a band of scarlet painted men, headed by my old friend, the Chief Obiri. He rushed at me and nearly embraced me.

"Oh, white woman, my friend," he panted, "your news reached us by the drums, the big drums that talk. They told us of your deed, and that the man's body of Oku lies dead in his hut, with a great hole in his head. And the M'Banos are mad with grief and anger, and are following fast to kill you. So I have come with forty fighting men to carry you to the Swabi River, where you will be safe. There is no fear, for the M'Banos are a people rotten with their own evil, and without Oku they are nothing. But we must hurry."

Within ten minutes we were again rushing through the forest at utmost speed and with a din like that of the infernal regions. Obiri's warriors were strong and fresh; they swung me along in my hammock, leaping as they ran, till my head reeled and I bounced like the nest of a weaver bird in the wind. Beside me pranced Obiri, leaping and screaming with the best of them, for all his years, jubilantly happy as he told me between screams, to have repaid the

Continued on Page 20

and His Grand- e Life Was Saved orothy Mills, to nal Gratitude

The Huge Leopard Crept Toward the Pile of Human Bones and the Partly Devoured Remains of the Native Girl. It Was a Huge Beast, With Half the Left Ear Missing—Oku, the Leader of the "Leopard Men," Transformed Into an Animal, Lady Dorothy Was Told. Taking Careful Aim, She Drilled the Skull and Brain of the Huge Creature Just Behind the Ear, and the Great Tawny Beast Leaped Into the Air, Spun Around in a Circular Manner and Fell to the Ground, Dead. And That Night, Lady Dorothy Was Told, the Dead Body of Oku Was Found in His Hut, With a Bullet Hole in Exactly the Same Place in His Skull.

Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

The Professor Turned to the Girl on the Bed.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

COLONEL COYLE comes into possession of the famous Vladmir pearls and at once they come out of hiding. In Paris he overhears conversation that leads him to believe that a plot is afoot to steal the pearls and that night is appointed by representatives of the Chinese Red secret police.

At the theatre Coyle is with a friend when he leaves her with an urgent message. She returns to find that she has suffered a complete loss of memory. She is kidnaped from the hospital by Robert Graham Mackenzie, alias Professor Merritt, an international crook, noted for his cunning and adept at disguises, known also as The Beacon. The Professor and his confederate Baron Ikra Again, a renegade Russian nobleman turned Red, try to restore her memory at the hiding place of the jewels and when they fail, take her to London.

There Jacqueline surreptitiously makes the acquaintance of John Fenton but makes no effort to tell him that she is without friends and in danger. Fenton falls in love with her and in his efforts to rescue her nearly loses his life. He finally appeals to Detective Inspector Meredith of Scotland Yard, and Michael Corrigan, a New York detective in London looking for the Beacon.

Peg Vansoul, an American girl friend and Jacqueline's, finds the Professor's hideaway. He tells his former confederate about the situation and explains that he is aware the Baron plans to double cross both the Cheka and himself and make away with the jewels. But the Professor figures to outwit the Baron. Peg has a supply of Pelacin, the new truth-drug, and suggests that they use it on Jacqueline in an attempt to restore her memory. The Professor makes arrangements with a doctor to administer the drug.

Time intervenes: an agent of the Cheka keeping watch on the Baron begins to suspicion of the latter. He lures Fenton to a house in the slums where the young man is tied up with a view to his complete demolition. Meredith was to have tried Fenton but another is secretly detailed here, plus Charles, Fenton's man-servant, duly however, follow his master and succeed in bringing Scotland Yard with his information.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Charles Saves the Day.

"YES, I do want to see Inspector Meredith — it's a matter of life and death — as I told the constable. Mr Fenton, my master, is a great friend of the Inspector's — that's why I asked for him particularly."

Charles was insistent.

"Well, I suppose I'd better take you over to him. He's at St. Thomas's Hospital — met with an accident."

When the visitor was shown into the private ward at the hospital, the appearance of the Detective-Inspector bore out the sergeant's assertion. Meredith's face and head were a mass of bandages, through which, however, his eyes glared fiercely.

"Sorry to trouble you, Inspector, but this gentleman says he's got important news about a Mr. Fenton."

Although the nurse sitting by the side of the bed raised a warning finger, the patient waved his hand excitedly.

"Sit down, and tell me everything you know," he ordered "Sergeant, got a notebook?"

So it was that Charles Sanders narrated in pulse-quickening words the remainder of his previous night's adventure. Having reached the point at which he had left off reflecting in the waiting room, he continued:

"Left alone, I didn't know what to do," he said, "eventually, however, I decided on a bold step, and walked up the yard to the door."

"How long was this after you saw Mr. Fenton go into the house?"

"Oh, it may have been an hour."

"You blasted fool!" cried the Inspector, without regard to the maidenly ears of the nurse. "do you mean to say that you wasted an hour? That you did nothing? Why didn't you ring up the police?"

The witness shook his head deprecatingly.

"I wanted to do this on my own," he said.

"Do it on your own! And now it's a million to one that Mr. Fenton's dead! Oh, who'd be a policeman? Well, get on with it," he urged the visitor.

"Now comes a strange thing," said Charles; "when I went up to the door, I naturally expected to find it locked, or, at least, shut. But it was only ajar. I pushed it open and went in. Everything was in darkness. Lucky for me, I had brought a box of matches."

"Wonder you didn't blow your blinking head off!" commented the Detective-Inspector acidly. "Did you find Mr. Fenton?"

"No. They must have taken him away. I went through the place and everything was empty. There were two doors, though, that I couldn't open. Outside of both of them, I shouted, as loud as I dared: 'Mr. Fenton! Mr. Fenton!' But I didn't get any reply. I hung about there all night, but nothing happened, and then I went back to the flat and got some breakfast ready in case Mr. Fenton should turn up. He didn't, I'm sorry to say, and so I came on here to let you know all about it."

"Thanks very much," said Meredith sarcastically; "and now, all that you need is to go out and buy yourself a nice suit of black, with plenty of crape for the hatband. I said just now it was a million to one that Mr. Fenton's dead — I don't mind raising the odds now to three million. While you were hanging around outside, one of the best fellows I ever met was being butchered. However, you're not the first fool, and you can't hope to be the last! Would you know this place again? Would you know how to get to it, I mean?"

"I think so — in fact, I'm sure I should. I made particular note as I came back this morning."

"Did you walk back?"

"Every bit of the way."

Meredith's fresh gesture of contempt nearly precipitated him on the floor.

"I must get up!" the Detective-Inspector cried.

But the nurse interposed.

"Mr. Meredith," she said sternly, "don't be silly."

"Eh? Do you know who you're speaking to?"

"Perfectly. Detective-Inspector Meredith of Scotland Yard. I tell you again not to be silly, Dr. Staples would be horrified. I shall report you if you are foolish."

"Well, I'll be blamed!" Then, turning wrathfully to the sergeant. "What are you laughing at, Sergeant?"

"Nothing, Inspector."

"Well, don't do it any more. Take this fellow, get a car, and go to this place at once. Burn it down, if necessary — but find Mr. Fenton."

"Very good, Inspector. Come along — you!"

Charles, feeling that the life of a crime investigator has many ups and downs, followed the sergeant out of the ward.

* * *

Two words came from the lips of the rescued man.

"The bomb!" And again: "The bomb!"

The sergeant in charge of the investigating party looked at Charles Sanders.

"What's he mean, 'the bomb'?" he asked.

The livelier imagination of the other enabled him to give a quick answer.

"He's been tortured by some threat of being blown to pieces by a bomb. Perhaps the thing's in the room now."

The sergeant looked perturbed.

"Well, that's a nice how-d'you-do, I must say! We'd better find the thing before we're all blown into the middle of next week without a chance of saying our prayers. Here, Danby!"

"Sir!" said one of the plain-clothes detectives, coming forward.

"Have a look round and see if you can find this bomb. Careful how you do it, mind."

The man smiled.

"No need to worry about that, Sergeant," he said. "I know all about these 'ere things. Jerry was very fond of that kind of trick in the Line."

"Carry on then, my lad. Since you know so much, you're obviously the one to deal with it."

The detective stooped and made an examination of the floor. Presently he reached under the table and withdrew an object about the size of an orange.

"I've told you once to be careful, Danby," asseverated the sergeant.

"No need to be careful about this, Sergeant," cried Danby. "It's a dud."

"Thank heaven for that!" exclaimed his superior. "But what d'you mean — a dud?"

"What I say, Sergeant. So far as I can make out, this bomb ought to have gone off at half-past eleven last night. And now, nearly twelve hours later, it's still intact. Wouldn't harm a baby as it is."

The sergeant snorted.

"These poor, perishin' foreigners!" he declared in high contempt. "Why, they can't even make a bomb go off!"

In the meantime Charles was attending to his master.

"What did they do to you, sir?" he asked anxiously.

Fenton looked at him stupidly.

"The last thing I remember was getting a whack on the head," he said; "but that may have been done out of kindness! Anyhow, I haven't remembered a thing since. But"—as a fresh look of consternation came into his face—"the bomb!"

Charles soothed him.

"Don't you worry about that, sir; they've just proved it's a dud. And now I'll be taking you back to Duke Street."

The man he addressed swayed in his arms.

"I can't go yet . . . there's something I have to remember . . . Oh, what is it? Charles, I must remember . . ."

At that moment an unexpected figure burst into the room.

It was Detective-Inspector Meredith. With only his eyes visible out of a mass of white bandages, he presented an awe-inspiring spectacle.

"Fenton!" he cried.

It was then that memory returned.

"I know where she is," Fenton cried. "I know where Jacqueline is. We must go there at once."

Meredith wasted no time in asking useless questions.

"Sergeant," he ordered, "get the car!"

CHAPTER XXX.

The Truth-Drug.

THE atmosphere in the private room of the Manchester Square Nursing Home was uneasy tense.

Besides the patient, there were three men and a nurse present.

Seated in a chair by the side of the bed was Dr. Arnold Carruthers, wearing his surgeon's white coat. The other two were in ordinary street attire.

The man who called himself Professor Merrivale turned to the doctor.

"It is necessary for me to put you on your professional honor, doctor," he said. "Before we proceed any further, I must ask you to give your solemn pledge that you will keep inviolate any information which may be disclosed during the next half-an-hour."

The specialist looked annoyed.

"I should have thought, Professor, that a man of your intelligence and knowledge of the world would not have considered such a promise necessary. But in order to ease your mind of any anxiety on this point, I give you the promise required."

The Professor, who remained imperturbable, nodds his head.

"The present circumstance is peculiar, doctor; you are sufficiently experienced to know that occasions arise when the unorthodox thing becomes orthodox. And now to business. I have here a list of questions I wish to put to your patient — my niece."

He took from his pocket a sheet of paper and, drawing up a chair, seated himself on the other side of the bed.

Carruthers hesitated momentarily. A native shrewdness warned him that he might possibly be assisting at something which, in its ultimate stage, was outside the law. He no longer believed that the beautiful girl on whom hand just made a minor operation was any relation to the sprier. That the latter and his fifty-looking companion might be a couple of social outlaws was now considered quite possible. But he could do nothing. The matter had gone too far for him to interfere. Polamin had been injected and the condition of the patient was entirely satisfactory up to the present. That was all he could consider; anything else was outside of his province. Besides, his professional curiosity was keenly aroused. Would the Truth-Drug, as it had been somewhat sensationally called in America, prove a success? It was an exciting

(Continued on Page 20)

Husbands grow cool when wives grow careless . . . about 'B.O.' (Body Odor)

NEVER was there another wife so lovely — so desirable — as *mine*, thought he. So every happy bridegroom thinks on his wedding day.

Yet too often the bridal glamour fades tragically soon—many times because the wife grows careless about *little* things. She becomes a little less particular about her clothes—her person. Sometimes she's even guilty of "B.O."—*body odor!*

Don't take chances

We never notice "B.O." *in ourselves* because we quickly become used to an ever-present odor. Yet pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste daily—even in cool weather. Don't take chances—don't risk offending. Lifebuoy will keep you *safe*.

Lifebuoy's creamy, antiseptic lather—so abundant even in hard water—*purifies* pores, removes all odor, leaves you gloriously fresh and clean. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you you're safe from "B.O."

Keeps complexions lovely

Lifebuoy's bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees pores of clogged impurities—promotes the healthy, *natural* complexion beauty that men adore. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

Try LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM
See how the razor *glides* over your face. No more pulling or tearing—even on those "Tender Spots."
At your druggist's

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HEALTH SOAP
stops body odor—

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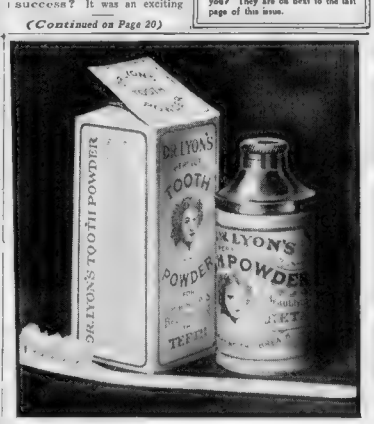
It Imparts Color to GRAY HAIR

WELL the wonders of science never cease! Now a scientist has discovered a colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair no matter what your age—no matter how Gray your hair—no matter what else you might have used without satisfaction. Already hundreds of thousands of people have used this amazing discovery. It is called Kolor-Bak and is as simple to use as A. B. C. You merely comb it into your hair and the color comes—the Gray disappears so gradually, so perfectly, that no one detects it. Another strange thing about this colorless liquid is that the one very same bottle will do for Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. Now you don't need to experiment with uncertain, messy, sticky preparations that may endanger your hair. Kolor-Bak, the colorless liquid, leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you request.

KOLOR-BAK Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS of families use The American Weekly Patterns every year. Do you? They are on next to the last page of this issue.



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Powder Cleans and Whitens Teeth—as nothing else can

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

And it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

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For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

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A scrumptious dessert for 10—for next to nothing!

LIME MALLOW SPONGE

1 package Lime Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
10 marshmallows, finely cut

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add marshmallows and stir until dissolved. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in a bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with marshmallow sauce if desired. Serves 10

A delicious vitamin-rich salad—for a few pennies a serving!

PERFECTION SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup cabbage, finely shredded
1 cup celery, finely cut
1 pimiento, finely cut
1 tablespoon green pepper, finely chopped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cabbage, celery, pimiento, and green pepper. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

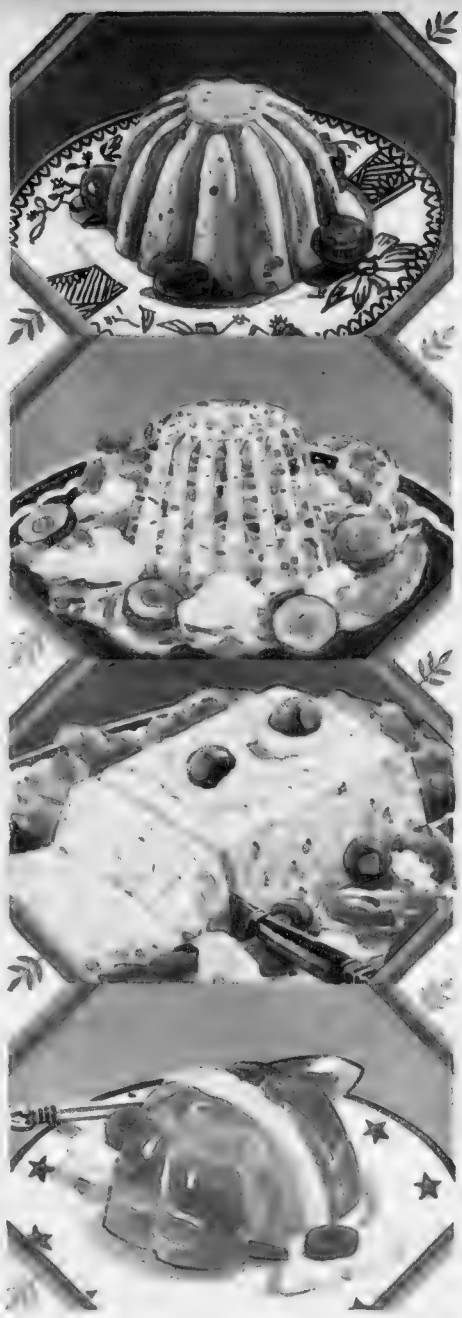
Cheese glorified—a "company" treat that's economical!

JELL-O CHEESE LOAF

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups boiling water
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
1 cup grated American cheese, or 1 cup cottage cheese, or 6 ounces snappy cheese
½ cup Hellmann's Mayonnaise

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add vinegar, salt, and Cayenne. Chill until cold and syrupy. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Combine cheese and mayonnaise, and fold into Jell-O. Turn into loaf mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 10

All measurements on this page are level.



Dress up "just plain" Jell-O at little cost!

Jell-O is so lovely, all by itself, it needs the merest touch of cleverness to make it a "jewel of a dessert."

To make the dish shown, chill Jell-O in individual molds, until firm. Unmold. Split slices of canned pineapple to make thin slices, then cut in halves crosswise. Then cut Jell-O molds almost in two, inserting half slice of canned pineapple. Use remainder of slice for "fans" at each side. Ornament as shown, with a maraschino cherry. It really does look like a chef's creation, doesn't it?

No doubt you will devise a number of such dishes, yourself. Just remember—use contrasting colors, whenever you can!

Speed method for emergencies!

Dissolve Jell-O in one cup of boiling liquid, then add remaining liquid *cold*. Place mold in pan of crushed ice, ice water or ice and salt, and leave in coldest place available. Your Jell-O will be firm in no time!

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Now...after winter's gayeties...when your budget demands economy and your family just won't eat the usual economy dishes...consider this:

The four dishes on this page possess "tea room" cleverness. They're so delicious and so different, your family will love them, and want them again. Yet the cost...ridiculously small!

And praise be! These recipes are just a start! In the free Jell-O booklets offered on this page you'll find *dozens* of ways to make inexpensive things seem *de luxe*—dozens of ways to make the slimmest left-overs serve the whole family with a delicious dish.

You'll get real pleasure in making these dishes. They're easy to make. Sure to turn out right. Just be sure to use Jell-O—genuine Jell-O—none other. Jell-O now comes in six pure-fruit flavors—(the newest is that lovely cool green Lime) each package sealed by a special process, to keep that fruity flavor intact.

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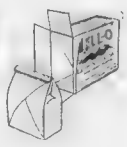

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The Reluctant Dawn ~ by Hazel Christie Macdonald

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DANGERFIELD HOUSE, ancestral Long Island home of the [illegible] ... their usual rendezvous and finds ... Emily ... Arthur ... [illegible]

... Brook throws herself into the reckless gaiety of a wild younger crowd. Arthur discovers a half-burnt cigarette engraved with Brook's name that leads him to ... [illegible] ... the girl.

CHAPTER XXI (Continued).

Hate.

SURPRISED as Brook was when she heard the news of John and Arthur's proposed trip, she made no sign.

"It is I that am driving him away, isn't it?" she said.

John, arranging papers and putting them in the safe behind the Raphael, stood still for a moment.

"That is another of your injustices to Arthur," he observed finally. But Brook laughed.

"You remind me of a bear trying to eat a bun much too hot for him," she told him. But when he looked at her and would have been severe in his expression, her merriment merely increased. So he said the only thing he thought would divert her train of thought or, better yet, send her home.

"Arthur is coming in a little while," he announced. But Brook was, unfortunately, reading something put ... from the paper he had found on the library table, and John could not be sure that she had even heard him. Seeing that there was scant chance of avoiding the meeting between them, he went back to his papers, added to that pile, abstracted from it. And in a few minutes Carters, with Arthur behind him, came into the library. But John still retained hope.

"Brook is just going," he said to Arthur.

"No," contradicted that young woman with cheerfulness, "I am staying!" And she sat there, never glancing at Arthur and Arthur, after the first bow, never looking at her. Had it not been for Leland, who came in a few minutes after, it would have been an hour past all enduring. But Leland, ignorant of the drama being enacted between these three silent ones before the fire, was so unwontedly businesslike, and asked so many questions of his father, that there was almost no awkward silence at all.

"As a son of the Sherman banking family," he said to Brook, "I have been such an amateur you can hardly expect Wall Street to have any great regard for me. Indeed, up to the moment of Carters' bringing in the fish course this evening at dinner, I was under the impression a debenture was something you received when you played hockey too whole-heartedly." His father made notes in the margin and then gave the papers into Leland's hands.

"This is the combination of the safe," said John. "But the strange thing is I am going to ask you, if you don't mind, never to use it unless by my cabled order. For there is nothing in the safe that has to be taken out; there will be nothing outside that has to be put in. I give you the combination only in case of an emergency." So Leland began to close the safe behind the great painting, and he had almost got it shut, when his father said, in an odd and uncertain tone, "Wait. . . !"

There was a pause, and the others looked at John, who had taken something from an inner pocket, and held it hidden from them. Even Arthur, who had been sitting in a moody preoccupation, raised his head.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing," said his friend. "Nothing. It is just that I wasn't sure for a moment whether to take this thing or leave it." And they saw that he was holding, still in that curious way, a letter. "It is something that would be safer here, perhaps," he said, at last. "I might be tempted, were I to take it."

"What a perfectly inexplorable remark," said Arthur. "What is the thing anyway?"

Brook answered. "I know," she said. "Or I think I know. John told me about it long ago. It is something very secret; it belongs to another person, and it is so important that the mere reading of it could do terrible harm." She turned her face to John, and he saw that she was thinking of the papers he had told her of, months before.

It was Arthur who spoke next. "One could almost believe, from your description of it, that John is contemplating blackmail!"

John smiled, but with grimness. "Brook happens to be correct," he replied to Arthur. "It is not blackmail but it is secret, it does belong to another person and it is, just as Brook told you, so important that the mere reading of it could work terrible harm. Or great good. It would depend on how you chanced to look at the matter."

He put the letter gently into the safe, swung the painting back into place. Brook arose.

"I must say good-by to you now," she said. "Since I shall not be able to be at the boat tomorrow when you sail."

"Could you not let one little luncheon go for me?" asked John, but he asked it gently, for he knew she was not coming because she could not bear to see Arthur as she had seen him first, with a ship's deck beneath his feet and the illimitable sea beyond. So John was gentle with her.

"But this is a luncheon with Weegee Connors," she told him. "You must not hope to compete with Weegee Connors." And then, having kissed him, she said to Arthur, carelessly, "They tell me that Sussex is so lovely in the Spring. I hope you will be quite happy."

And then she and Leland were gone. For a moment John, swept by a scene of inconsolable loss, stared after her. But Arthur's voice aroused him.

"You must not hope to compete with Weegee Connors!" he said, and his tone was strangled, and filled with fury. "Oh, John! To think that this—this—was what poor Emily tried to save!"

"Read it!" Said the Man, and Brook Read.

CHAPTER XXII.

A Strange Visitor.

IT WAS Priscilla who [illegible] Brook's great comfort and stay when they had gone.

"There was a time after Emily went," said Priscilla, "when you never came at all. And it seems so nice to have you back again."

"I could not have stood it here," Brook told her. "In the place where poor Allan used to come so often."

But this had not been her reason, really; she had felt that Priscilla might, in all innocence, ask questions, and so she fled, for safety, to those gay and thoughtless parties where no one had time to talk at all, where no one had time for anything but to be very noisy, very thirsty, very foolish, very useless.

"Well, so long as I have you, I don't much care on what terms it is," said Priscilla, happily. "I suppose you know, incidentally, that Grayson and Barbara have quarreled?"

"Then you see more of him than you used to?" asked Brook.

Priscilla shook her head. "No, it doesn't work that way at all," she replied. "The quarrel was over another man. I think—at least, I rather think that Barbara grew tired of—of—"

"Of intrigue?" finished Brook. "I suppose she would. It takes a Dangerfield to thrive on it, you know." She saw Priscilla's eyes filled with pain. "Forgive me," she cried. "I wasn't thinking of your particular Dangerfield. I was thinking of the—the rest of us."

"You can't hurt me by telling the truth," said Priscilla gently. "It's a long time since I first learned it and the wound is nicely healed now. I have even a quite presentable scar to present to an inquiring public."

Brook, leaning forward, laid a finger on the other's lips. "He isn't worth bitterness," she said.

Priscilla smiled, the old quiet smile. "They must have set you texts to copy, in Villa Marie," she said, quite gaily. "For you can have, you feather-headed darling, no real experience of your own."

Brook's face became very still. "No, I have no real experience of my own," she agreed. "But I observe all my friends."

She stopped.

"Your friends' tragedies?" asked Priscilla. And then she shook her head. "I haven't done telling you about Grayson," she went on, but with a curious diffidence. "Barbara has grown capricious. Sometimes it is Grayson, and sometimes it is the other man with whom she spends her time, and Grayson is very unhappy. So I think—I think, perhaps the solution would be—for me to give Grayson a divorce!"

Brook whirled about.

"A divorce!" she cried. "Oh, Priscilla! A—a quiet one, I suppose—without any scandal?"

"Yes, a—a quiet one," admitted Priscilla.

Brook gave a short angry laugh. "And a money settlement, too, I suppose," she said. "Confess, Priscilla, that you had thought of a money settlement."

"I—I—had thought of it," admitted Priscilla, in a very little and timid voice.

Brook walked around the room swiftly, turned.

"Oh, Priscilla, Priscilla," she cried, between tears and anger. "He isn't fit to be a doormat for such as you!"

But all Priscilla said was: "When I was a little girl, Brook, I once saw some poor children with a puppy. And because I wanted it, my father bought it for me. But it never really cared for me. It kept running away to the children from whom I had had it in the first place. And so I gave it back."

She paused, her hands quiet in her lap, her sad eyes seeing all about the ashes of her hopes. "I was a little thing of seven then," she said. "And I am a woman already past middle age now. But the situations are—are—quite similar, don't you think?"

Upon which Brook had kissed her quickly and gone away, fearing to trust herself any longer with a Priscilla so utterly lost to her own interests.

It was the following week when she next saw her, and then Priscilla told her she was to sail for Paris in a few days.

"I shall see John and Arthur in England, I suppose," she added. "Shall I give them any message?"

Brook shook her head, and said no; no message. Just her love. To John.

"I did not go to see John off," she added. "But I shall go and see you, Priscilla. Unless, of course, you change your foolish mind—and realize what a mistake you're making."

"We all make mistakes," Priscilla had returned. "My first, you remember, Brook, was when I thought the puppy might come to care for me."

And so the days went on, till came the one preceding the day of Priscilla's departure. And when Brook lay down that night, there was nothing in her dreams to tell that the last and worst tragedy of all was waiting with the morning.

It was clear and very cold when she woke. She breakfasted alone, for Toby had told her her father was in the library, and had left orders he was not to be disturbed till lunch.

So Brook had gone upstairs, to dress to go into New York. But she had been in her own room for only a few moments when Toby knocked.

"There's a man downstairs to see youah, Mis' Brook," he told her. "Would yo'-all come down?"

"A man for what?" Brook had asked.

"Well," said Toby, "thas jus' it. I don't know. He come to the doah, and when I see yes, he laugh, and say he know youah, and come to bring you something."

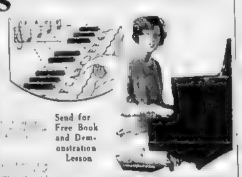
"Sell me books, probably," returned Brook, but she went downstairs and, coming to the living room, saw that someone stood with his back to her, and his cap in hand. As she stepped over the threshold, he turned, and she found herself face to face with a man whom she had never before seen.

Her first thought was that he was handsome, very, very handsome. But this impression lasted only for a moment, and then she saw other things; that his eyes were a shade too small, that a kind of concentrated darkness lay over his face. But even with this, he remained handsome. It

(Continued on Page 18)

To those who think Learning Music is hard—

[illegible]



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NOW, in less than ten minutes, a newly-discovered French formula will show you how to have a skin that is clear, white and flawless, quickly and easily. You simply spread a fragrant, pure white cream, called Boncilla Lemon-Magnesia Pack, on your face and neck. It dries quickly into a soft, pliable mask. In nine minutes you remove it. Your skin is several shades whiter, clear, soft and filled with lovely natural color. You find, too, that the lemon and magnesia, combined with other secret ingredients, have not only acted to remove tan, discoloration and sallowness, but have dissolved and removed blackheads and blemishes. Tired, wrinkled skin is wonderfully tightened and lifted.

Get Boncilla Lemon-Magnesia Pack today, in generous big dollar-size jar, at any good drug or department store. Money refunded if you are not delighted.

Advertisement.

AN OBLIGING BEAUTY DOCTOR

A Beauty Specialist Gives Home-Made Recipe to Darken Gray Hair.

Mrs. M. D. Gillespie, a well known beauty specialist of Kansas City, recently gave out the following statement [illegible]

[illegible] ... half pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

"These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray haired person look twenty years younger. It does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and will not rub off."

HOME MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. [illegible] CHICAGO, ILL.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. At all Drug Stores.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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64 New Varieties for 1931

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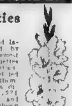

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Name ...
St. or R. F. D. ...
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Shampoo Regularly with **Cuticura Soap**

Precede by applications of **Cuticura Ointment**

This treatment will keep the scalp in a healthy condition and the hair thick and lustrous.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

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What!

Seald-Sweet RANGE JUICE CHECK PYORRHEA?

yes! say latest medical discoveries

ASTONISHING NEWS! Decay of teeth halted. Gums hardened; made healthy. Teeth and bones made stronger. The whole system improved; even pyorrhea checked—by the simple means of *drinking plenty of orange juice!*

Famous clinics as far apart as Boston and Chicago have made these discoveries. And their findings show that poor teeth and gums are merely the *first signs* of a body starved for want of orange juice.

And in testing countless patients, they also found that almost every person, young or old, fails to get enough Vitamin C, which has its richest source in orange juice! That mysterious vitamin, found in milk and vegetables and fruits, vanishes when food is cooked. So one scientist has gone so far as to make orange juice the *standard* for Vitamin C, declaring in print that a pint a day will make you forget the dentist chair and seldom have to see a doctor.

DON'T JUDGE THE QUALITY OF AN ORANGE BY ITS SIZE

Small oranges are plentiful this season and offer you great juice value for your money. All Seald-Sweet Oranges, large and small, are packed with rich, vitamin-filled juice. You make no mistake when you buy either the small or large size Seald-Sweets

Drink the oranges that give you 1/4 more juice

Here's the strongest kind of proof that you and every member of the family need orange juice every day in the year—all you can get of it. For it has also been discovered that all the old ideas about a morning "sip" of juice are wrong. Even with plenty of vegetables and milk, you need a brimming glass *twice a day.*

Just as though she knew your need, Mother Nature has put *one-fourth more juice* in the oranges that grow in Florida. And the finest and best of the whole Florida crop are carefully selected and labeled "Seald-Sweet." Only the sweetest and juiciest—ripened on the tree in the mellow sunshine—brimming with delicious golden juice—are *allowed* to wear this brand on wrapper and skin.

Now they are at their best. It's the "Seald-Sweet" season. And what more pleasant path to health than to drink a sparkling glass of "Seald-Sweet" twice a day? No man-made drink has ever had such *flavor.* Ask the grocer for "Seald-Sweet" by name. Write the Florida Citrus Exchange, Tampa, Florida, for a free copy of their new Citrus Health Booklet.

Seald-Sweet
Oranges
THE PICK OF THE FLORIDA CROP

How French Women Make Up Their Lips to Last All Day

—And Avoid Making Up Every Hour As American Women Do

Louis Philippe, famous magazine writer, whose name is known in all Paris fashion centers and to famous clients, Mary Compton, Ziegfeld beauty, Mistinguett, Gaby Deslys and many others.

You see it on your cheeks, too—just a touch with the new lips—and then have the glow of the cheeks blend perfectly with the color of your lips!

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line"

Away has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *holds* perfectly, *all day long*. Instead of making up every hour you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present way of make-up

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental [illegible], whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color. (Note picture above.)

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lip stick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box form. 9 different colors. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus

Rouge Incarnat

Louis Philippe, Inc.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly—on next to the last page

The Reluctant Dawn — by Hazel Christie Macdonald

(Continued from Page 16)

was just that he was not as handsome, at second glance, as he had seemed at first. Brook spoke first.

"John, did not tell me what you wanted," she said to him. "But I am in hope it is nothing that will take long to explain, for I was on the point of leaving for New York."

The man had been regarding her with a curious intentness; now he smiled, and she saw his teeth—gleaming, pointed, white.

"Are you sure that you can spare me only a minute?" he asked, and it was not his question that surprised her; it was the sensation which she experienced at sound of that husky voice—a sensation as if she were strangling in velvet, were being drowned in a sea of something warm, clinging, inescapable and fatal. But after a moment she recovered herself, and the sensation faded.

"I had no intention of being rude," she said.

The man bowed a little, and the scent of the pomade on his sleek head was borne to her as he moved.

"Sit down, Miss Dangerfield," he said, and it was not the command which was strange to her; it was her obedience which she could not understand. He waited, and when she was seated, he sat down also, and there was then the width of a table between them.

They looked at one another. And though the room was a perfect splendor of sunlight, a shadow seemed to have entered with the stranger, the shadow of that same sinister something that lay in his face. He spoke at last.

"I am going to take out a piece of paper and write," he said. "And when I have written you are to read."

She watched him in silence, but a fascinated silence, and she saw him do exactly what he had promised. He took out a piece of paper, a fountain pen, and he wrote. And when he was finished, he held the piece of paper out to her, smiling a little as he did so. She took it; she could no more have withheld her hand than she could have commanded herself to wake from some horrible dream.

"Read it!" said the man, and Brook read. She read it once and did not comprehend. And then she read it again—and the whole room closed in on her and became a whirling pit at the bottom of which she struggled in darkness.

Brook Raised the Gun's Shining Barrel. "Don't come nearer!" She Whispered.

For the man had scrawled first . . . "Arthur!"

And then he had written, underneath, "I should never have married you in the first place But I shall not divorce you any longer. It is Allan Kent I have always loved. It is Allan Kent with whom I am going away tonight, forever."

And below this the man had signed the name of Brook's sister, who had been in her grave these two months.

"Oh!" breathed the girl. "Oh!"

And then, going to the living room door, she closed it and turning, stood with her back against it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Blackmail.

SLOWLY returning to where the man was, Brook faced him.

"Where—where did this thing come from?" she whispered.

The man shrugged. "What difference," he said, "so long as I have it?"

Brook put up her hand to her throat. "And to think I came down here thinking—thinking you might be someone come to—to—sell something!" she cried.

"But I have!" said the man, as if surprised. "I have come to sell that!"

She stared.

"A letter so—so interesting has many markets," he murmured. "You father alone would pay—shall we say, fifty thousand?"

"Fifty thousand!" she cried. "You know so much—how does it happen that you don't know my father was wiped out a few months ago?"

He smiled. "I do know," he told her "But I know also, that your sister's share in her husband's millions will come to you!"

"It will not reach us for six months!" said Brook, and she saw the surprise in his face at the news. But there was no relenting in his expression

"I am sorry," he said suavely "I had been hoping it would be possible to spare Mr. Neill the publication of his wife's farewell. But six months is too long to wait! And since Mr. Neill is in Europe, I shall be forced to dispose of the letter elsewhere." He paused. "And when I say 'the letter,'" he explained, "I have reference, of course, to the original!"

Brook could hardly speak

"There is nothing left," went on the man, "but to sell the letter to someone who specializes in this kind of thing. There is, for example, a certain man of my acquaintance who likes to see little farewells of this kind appear in the news of the day!"

But Brook had sprung forward and grasped his arm. The man looked down at the fingers lying on his coat sleeve, and then his glance, warm, provocative, disturbing, brushed her face. She withdrew her hand, but not before the man had put out his own to touched, for a brief instant, her cold fingers

"You forget yourself!" she said, and though the tone was one her habitual kindness would not have permitted her to use to a servant, the man retained his temper. For he knew that in this room, at this moment, he was master.

"So I do," he agreed, lightly. "Let us return to the letter"

She looked at the floor. "I don't suppose it matters to you whose—whose fifty thousand dollars buys the letter?" she asked.

"Not in the least," he assured her. "Although I don't believe I could care for fifty thousand that had passed through Joe Chigwell's hands."

He was amused at the expression of noncomprehension on her face, and very kindly explained.

"Joe is what some people would vulgarly call a counterfeiter. His friends, however, prefer to regard him as simply a splendid artist, offering some trifling competition to a pig of a government."

And as he said it, Brook realized that the letter had not fallen into the hands of one driven by necessity, one who might be merciful because blackmail might bring down unknown penalties; the letter had become, she saw, the property of those who dealt in crime habitually, who knew, indeed, as this man had said, many a market for a letter as interesting as this one.

She thought of John Sherman, of the three thousand miles of water between herself and this friend who had never failed her. She thought of Leland. And lastly, she thought of Priscilla, who would give fifty thousand dollars as another person would bestow, on a passing beggar, a copper.

"I am waiting," said the man, and he had never taken his strange, compelling eyes from her face.

"There are two people who may help me," replied the girl. "May I telephone?"

"Why not?" returned the man, and for a moment the sunlight lay on his face so that the darkness in it was hid.

But Priscilla was not at home when Brook called. Judson said, however, that she was expected back to luncheon at 1, so Brook said she would call again then. After which she telephoned Leland, but Leland's own secretary —for he had assumed the dignity of a secretary (a pretty one)—didn't know where Leland was, except that he had gone to a conference of vast importance. But he would be back at noon, she believed. So Brook said she would call later

And she went back to the room in which she had left the man. He was sitting precisely as she had left him; smiling lightly. One might have thought that nothing more vital than the matter of a fourth at bridge had taken her out of the room. He rose, however, as she entered.

"I told you there were two persons who could help me," she said. "But I can't reach them for some time. Will you—will you give me that time, four hours, perhaps?"

The man drummed with his fingers on the table. "I like to be fair to people," he said, at last. "I like people to be fair to me. So I'll give you the four hours, but I'll give you no more" He saw the relief which flooded her face, and for which she could not have found words, "But I shall not come back here," he added. "Because how do I know I can trust you?"

"I don't ask you to come here," she said. "I don't want you to come, since my father will be about all afternoon."

She thought.

"There is a little—a little clearing," she said at last, and she did not know what impelled her to say it. Except that no other place seemed so suitable for the concluding of a bargain so shameful as this one; of all the places in the world, only the clearing would, she thought, do.

"It is on Moorecroft, the estate of John Sherman," she went on, "and you'll know it by a little abandoned cabin or shack standing there."

The man smiled, as at some joke which she could not be asked to share

"I could have told you I am quite familiar with Moorecroft and with the clearing," he said to her. "But I did not because, strange as it may seem, your voice holds for me some quality of charm which is out of all proportion to the danger I run in staying to listen."

She did not raise her eyes.

"You have never," went on the man, "asked about my having told you old servant that I knew you."

"It is not important why you choose to lie, is it?" asked Brook.

"Come, come," said the man, "in a moment we'll quarrel, foolish child."

And although he said the words smilingly, she had again, for an instant, that horrible sensation as of strangling. But as before, it passed.

"I shall be at the clearing at two," she said

"Good. And quite alone, of course," rejoined the man.

"I am not likely to bring anyone with me," she said. "Why do you think you must tell me that?"

He looked at her with a long and inscrutable glance.

"Perhaps I am not yet decided whether you are stupid or clever," he said. "Even knowing what I do of what you must have accomplished on a certain night I have in mind."

Every bit of color was drained from her face at that; she saw that he must have knowledge beyond any imagining of what had occurred the night Emily had come to her end.

The man laughed. "If you are tempted to bring anyone with you," he told her, "remember that, for fifteen years a gun has been as much a part of me as my hair!"

And then he went to the door, turned and again he sent her that curious and inscrutable look.

"Had anyone told me that today I should meet a girl who, for ten minutes, would cause me to make over my form of speech, and use one which I thought I had laid by forever I should not have believed it." And he was gone. But the shadow in the room still lingered, contending with, and vanquishing, the sunlight.

Upstairs, Brook sat down to still the dizziness which had seized upon her She had had, since Emily's death, nights of horror, nights of sleeplessness, nights of sleep that were worse than sleeplessness. But she had believed them past She had thought herself and her secret safe; Arthur, and Arthur's secret, safe. And now suddenly, she had learned they were not. A chasm, across which stood a man with a simple piece of white paper in his hand yawned before them all. For a moment she wondered how the letter had come to him, but this question was immediately swallowed up in the more imperative one of where to find the ransom price of the only [illegible] which a faithless woman had bequeathed

At noon she called Leland. Yes, he had received her message, his secretary said. But a Mrs. Dangerfield had telephoned him, and he had invited her to lunch There was very little possibility of their returning before three

Sick with disappointment, Brook hung up the receiver. They were both gone, these two on likely to lunch at: Pierre's, the Green Room of the Savoy-Plaza, the Colony, which Priscilla liked best of all restaurants in New York. But they were to be found at none of them. And as place after place said, no, neither Mrs Dangerfield nor Mr. Sherman had been in today, there grew upon her, as once before, the conviction that something terrible, and inevitable, awaited them

Her father came out of the library as she finished telephoning, and she walked beside his chair, as he went in to luncheon

"What is Priscilla going to Paris for?" he said, when Toby had brought in the consomme.

"I—I—don't know," said Brook, for it had been agreed between her and Priscilla that her father should be told nothing about the divorce till it was a settled fact. "She's probably going for the usual reasons, to buy frocks, to amuse herself."

Richard Dangerfield touched his lips delicately with his napkin.

"You appear to have a faculty

(Continued on Page 19)

Advertisement

John West Admits He Didn't Know Wife Darkened Hair

—Darkens Hair—

So Naturally No One Can Tell

When I see gray I see old age. Youth is every woman's right, so don't let her get gray. Just use the improved formula made from that wonderful old recipe of common sage tea and sulphur. Nothing better. Gray disappears overnight. And after two or three applications your hair will be the exact shade you want. So evenly, so naturally darkened nobody'll ever know. Just pay your druggist 75c for a bottle of Wyeth's Sage & Sulphur and follow the simple directions.

Advertisement

Miss BLONDE

. . . want to be Mrs.?

OF course you do! Then don't let dull, faded blonde hair spoil your chances! Use Blondex the speedy blonde hair shampoo that safely restores all natural gleaming beauty, prevents darkening, too Contains no dyes—no sulphur—no chemicals Gives a new life to each

A million delighted users At all the better drug and department stores

ACHES and PAINS Quick Relief with JAPANESE OIL

"Don't Let Pain Keep You at Home"

[illegible] Japanese Oil is used by millions of busy [illegible] Relief for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Sore Muscles, Sprains, Stiff Joints [illegible] and exposure. Rub on the sore spot until it feels warm. Soon pain is gone. Won't stiffen like old fashioned liniments. Get Japanese Oil today.

HEAD COLDS

Japanese Oil [illegible] Rub on nose and chest. Relief comes quickly. Acts like magic in relieving stuffiness, sneezing, sore throat, aching muscles. Used by millions for 30 years. Get it at any drug store.

Advertisement

Doctor Brings Joy To Skin Sufferers

Skin sufferers the world over are certainly singing great praises for a doctor's remedy that is bringing them quick and happy comfort after years of burning, itching torture, the prescription originally used only in the private practice of Dr. D D Dennis—is now available at drug stores everywhere. Just apply a little of this cooling, antiseptic liquid called D. D. D. to your troubled skin Watch for quick and joyous relief Grateful thousands tell how they have used it to subdue the most stubborn cases of eczema, scales eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. Easy to use and positively safe. Clear, stainless and greaseless—dries up almost immediately. Get a bottle of D D D today If the very first application does not instantly relieve even the most intense itching—your money back. 35c, 60c, $1.25 At all drug stores.

"O-o-o-h, it's nice!" said ANN CURRAN

age 7 years

"And now I know the easiest way to make children take cod-liver oil," said Ann's happy mother

WOULDN'T you like to discover it, too—the way to banish your children's "ugha"—the way to make them take their cod-liver oil willingly? Listen!

A few weeks ago the Scott's Emulsion reporter walked into Mrs. Edward Curran's cozy living room at 232 Greenwich Ave., Stamford, Conn., where her little daughter, Ann, was playing with her doll.

We asked Mrs. Curran if she'd let Ann try Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil. Since Mrs. Curran appreciates how children dread plain cod-liver oil, she consented gladly.

Ann, pictured here, then took some Scott's Emulsion. But instead of frowns, she was all smiles. "Oooh, it's nice. I like it!" she said.

Pleasanter to take—but that isn't all!

Pale, thin, run-down children—they need cod-liver oil. Give it to them the pleasantest way —give them Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion hasn't that strong "fishy" taste. It doesn't upset even delicate stomachs. It brings you purest, Norwegian cod-liver oil in its pleasantest form—a perfect emulsion. Easier to take—easier to digest. Almost immediately, the body absorbs the health-giving vitamins—and the assimilation is complete. You get *more* good out of Scott's Emulsion and you feel the benefits *quicker*.

Scott's Emulsion is rich in vitamin A, the growth-promoting vitamin that helps prevent disease. It is rich in vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin that prevents rickets. It also contains vital mineral elements that aid in forming sound bones and teeth. This gives Scott's Emulsion a special advantage for growing children, infants, nursing and expectant mothers. Get Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil to-day at your druggist's. Watch cheeks grow rosy. See youngsters gain new weight.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF VITAMIN-RICH COD-LIVER OIL

Pleasanter to take—Easier to digest

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. Philip Stephenson

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy sharpen your brain, radiate edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull your self up to a healthful where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality, you're going to read the message to the last line

It stems from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the small army of those of buoyant vitality and vigor To me and no doubt to you an internal bath was a myth but that never came within my sphere of knowledge

So I, my self a despair similar to the one shown below, I vowed to find out what it was all about And here now is a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination, a new-fangled laxative But in cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

Rather, this internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure warm water. Typified by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and assists it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now millions use it to combat intestinal ills. It differs radically from the enema

The cascade operating, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most priceless boon of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus: The enema cleanses but a third of the horseshoe!—or to the first bend

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read the booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow Resultant germs and poisons breed in the waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls

These poisons are extremely insidious The headaches that get—the aching backs, often the fatigue, the mental sluggishness, the [illegible] sensibility to colds and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system They are the generic causes of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies

Thus it is imperative that we keep system free of these poisons And the only sure and effective means is through internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities and each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring, you will sleep like a child. You will awake with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will change. All clouds will be laden with silver You will feel rejuvenated—made over. That is my experience only, but that of 900,000 men and women who faithfully adopted this wonderful inner cleanliness Just one internal bath a week to flush and feed glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of old age—to become young! Be careful To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc. Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There is no reason why one who achieved results that seem miraculous to us as to others, should not send for booklet is worth many many times the price of that 2-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. 121, 152 West 65th Street, New York City.

Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.,
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New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on internal bathing and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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The Reluctant Dawn — by Hazel Christie Macdonald

(Continued from Page 18)

for getting the sauterne the wrong temperature, Toby," he observed. And when Toby had gone out of the room, "You all seem to be so mysterious lately. I think you do it to be important."

Brook looked up.

"Can you tell me, for example, what you are doing this afternoon?" inquired Richard.

There was a pause, and Toby, newly returned with another bottle, filled her father's glass.

"I am, among other things," said Brook, at last, "meeting—a man!"

Her father drank, considered the temperature of the precious liquid, found it quite correct.

"Like the parapet of London Bridge," he remarked, "your horizon seems to begin and end on gentlemen's heads! Only I sometimes fear they are not always gentlemen!"

"Father!" exclaimed Brook, and she half rose.

"Come, come—can you tell me the name of the person, you're seeing today?" asked Richard. And he did not ask it commandingly, but merely as an idle man puts an idle inquiry, the answer to which is not of the slightest consequence.

Brook hesitated.

"No, I can't tell you," she replied, at last.

Her father shrugged. "My generation was an improvement on this one," he said, with his sardonic smile. "For this one has lost even the ability to be ruined charmingly!"

Brook stood at that.

"Do you mind if I go, father?" she asked.

He was already engaged on his chops.

"No, no; run along," he replied carelessly, and she went.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Another Tragedy!

IT was a quarter to two when she left the house, and she walked slowly past the rosery, mere dead vines, past the plantation of firs, to come finally to the little road that led to the clearing. The man was waiting when she reached the cabin. One hand was in his pocket as he stood; with the other he removed his cap as she approached. She spoke at once.

"I have not been able to reach either of the persons I told you of," she informed him, and she noted how the cold sunlight lay like lacquer on his hair.

"At a time like this, with certain discovery threatening us all," she thought, "am I indeed capable of noticing this man's face, the way he moves his hands, the tone of his voice?" And she was frightened, not alone with relation to the letter, but because the man seemed to have cast on her a spell, as if he had suddenly arisen from some dark and dreadful pool, and were advancing her back to the depths with him.

The man spoke: "If you did not reach the people," he said, "why did you come? Surely you knew it would be useless?"

She looked at him, could not have turned her eyes away.

"Perhaps I came," she said, "because I hoped you would give me more time."

But he shook his head. She loosened, for an instant, the hold which his eyes maintained on hers, and grew bold.

"Perhaps I came," she said, "because it occurred to me that there might not—be—any letter. There might not be any original, as you said."

But he turned his head and smiled, and the smile answered her. She had thought he might have been making mere guesses as to what had happened the night Emily had run away, but she saw that he not only possessed a letter, but he was absolutely without mercy. She moved.

"Don't go," said the man, and he frowned, as if he had been deliberating something in his mind. "Do you wish to see the letter?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No. If you are going to use it, use it and get it done with," she said wearily.

He smiled.

"Sit down here," he said, and he brushed the snow from the porch of the cabin. Then he looked at her. "Sit down," he said again, and had it been to the stake he ordered her, there would have been nothing for her save obedience to that voice. She sat down, continued to look at him. He took something from his pocket, she saw that it was a white envelope, large and square. He took something from his pocket once more, and this time she saw it was a gun, which he laid on the snow-covered porch between them.

"I don't quite trust you yet, you see," he said, and his gloved hand lay lightly on the letter. But it was the gun which she would have looked at first, for she had never before seen one of these little engines of destruction, through whose metal mouth Death could speak. The man took the little gun lightly into his right hand, and with the left continued to cover the letter.

"I am a bargainer by nature," he said, after a moment. "If you like, we shall bargain together, you and I, for more time. Shall we?"

She saw his dark eyes fixed inexorably on hers.

"I don't understand," she said, and she was telling the truth; she did not.

The man sighed, put the envelope back in his pocket.

"You continue to puzzle me," he remarked. "But it is a pleasant sort of puzzlement. I almost hate to end it, by asking you what you will give me in exchange for twelve hours of grace?"

She stared at him for a moment, then sprang to her feet. "You beast!" she cried. But the man, still seated, merely lifted his eyebrows.

"How astonished we are!" he observed. "And how well we do it! Upon my word, one could almost believe it is something we have never been asked before!"

And then, upon the sound of his laughter, she struck him across the mouth, and so savagely that his teeth cut her hand as they met it.

Instantly the man was upon his feet, and if she had ever thought his smile terrible in its menace, the transformation which rage wrought in his face appalled her. He put up his gloved hand to his face, brought it down. And there was blood upon the glove.

"You little fool!" he said, slowly. "Do you know that no one—man or woman—has ever dared touch me?" Death itself could not have crushed the triumph out of her face.

"I have!" her eyes cried. "And I should do it again for words such as you used to me!"

He seemed to read her thoughts. "Proud of it, are you?" he said. "Ah, and you haven't paid yet for having done it." He came closer. "Look," he said, in his strange husky voice, "how my mouth bleeds. I have a fancy to see you kiss the blood away, Brook Dangerfield."

But she could only stand staring at him, and upon her was the horror and helplessness she had experienced when she first heard him speak.

"Come!" whispered the man, and he took another step towards her. "Set your lips against mine and ask me to forgive you!"

But even as he put out his hand, she threw him from her desperately, and he fell. And as he fell, something spun from his hand, and lay beyond him, gleaming in the snow. She saw him struggle to regain his footing, but before he could rise she had the little gun in her hand, and its barrel was like ice against her fingers.

The man had picked himself up, come a step closer, another, another. She retreated before him, her back to the cabin.

"It will do you no good to run away," said the man, and he seemed careless of the thing she held trained on his oncoming body. "It will do you no good to run away." And, as he spoke, she had a horrible feeling that he was speaking the truth.

"For I always get what I want, in the end, and I am less kind when the pursuit has wearied me."

Brook raised the gun's shining barrel.

"Don't come nearer," she whispered.

But he continued to come, and she could see, on his mouth and chin, the dark stain which her blow had made. He was smiling now.

"Did you think it was loaded?" he asked, softly. "Did you really think it was loaded?"

And then he sprang. But as he did so, some instinct buried deep within her seemed to tell her what to do, and she pulled hard against the trigger.

She saw him stop, stand arrested, and with an expression of the most complete astonishment on his face. And then he pitched forward.

For a moment or two, she was capable of neither thought nor feeling; it was as if the shot which had brought him down had, without touching her, paralyzed both senses and faculties. Then she looked down and saw that the sunlight still lay like lacquer on his head. But when she turned and touched him, he was quite dead. It was the barrel of the weapon with which she had killed him which lay warm against her hand. And suddenly, throwing the gun from her, she turned and fled.

Her father was in the library, when the door opened.

"Who is it?" he asked, and did not turn.

She strove to get her breath. "It's—it's—Brook," she said, at last.

"Well, if it is," replied Richard Dangerfield, "go away and come back when you think you can open doors more restrainedly."

She put a hand to her throat.

"Father!" she said, and there were, in the tone, all the long years of lovelessness, all her old longings to have him put his carelessness aside, and be to her what other fathers were to their children. "Father!"

He turned about a trifle. "If it's money you want," he said, annoyedly, "get some from Toby."

"It is not money!" she told him, and he put a finger in his book to keep the place.

"Well, whatever it is," he said, "tell me quickly and go away again."

She continued to come forwards.

"Put the book aside, father," she whispered, and fell on her knees beside his chair. "The book will be here long after they have taken me away."

She was in the sunlight now, and it fell on her face, showing Richard Dangerfield an expression he had never seen there before, an expression he had never seen on any face before. He stared.

"Take you away?" he repeated. "Good Heaven! Take you away where?"

She shook her head and her hands were upon his knees, as upon some rock where might be found shelter and safety.

"Wherever they take a girl," she told him, and she was sobbing at last, "who has—shot and killed—a man!"

CHAPTER XXV.

In the Toils.

JOHN and Arthur were in Belgium when the news reached them. They had gone—it was Arthur's idea—to the place where Arthur had known darkness and despair and where, as yet unwounded, he had been destroyed a hundred times over in the death of the comrades of his youth.

John had not wanted to go; he believed it would be a dreadful experience for Arthur, but the latter had insisted and so they had gone north, through France, and stood, at length, at the Ypres Gate.

"Ah, me," said Arthur, when he had uncovered his head and had stood silent for a few minutes, "I used to pity them. But I am not sure now that they do not sleep more happily than the living."

But when he reached the hotel again, his spirits seemed better than they had been for weeks past. John had almost believed he might be on the way to forgiving Brook. But on the hotel table, awaiting their return, was that which was to prove how far from forgiveness Arthur was.

It was a cablegram, addressed to John, but Arthur picked it up, and stood, frowning.

"If it is something calling you home, what shall you answer?" he demanded.

"It is not calling me home," said John. "And if it is, I shall remember that I promised to stay with you."

And then he slit the envelope and read its message, and a kind of grayness crept over his face.

"What is it?" demanded Arthur, seeing that John put out a groping hand. "Has anything happened... Leland?"

"Not Leland," said John, finally. "Brook..."

"Is she ill?" asked Arthur at last, and his tone said that he did not greatly care, but breeding demanded that he ask. John did not look up.

"She is not ill," he replied. "She has killed a man."

Arthur had been lighting a cigarette, and now he extinguished the lighter's little flame.

"Ran him down with that brute of a car you gave her, I suppose," he said.

"No. She shot and killed him with a gun!"

"Oh, you mean—!" exclaimed Arthur. "You mean—murder?"

But he saw the answer in his friend's eyes. He sat down, and an incredulous horror, such as had overtaken Brook, lay upon the room.

"Say something!" cried John, when he could stand the silence no longer.

Arthur moved his hands, became quiet.

"Shall I say what will serve only to anger you?" he asked. "That I am not astonished?"

"Ah, but had it been Emily," cried John, springing to his feet, "how swift you would have been to defend her!"

"As you will defend Brook, probably," returned Arthur.

"As I shall defend Brook," John agreed. "To the last penny of my possessions!"

Arthur put out a hand. "Forgive me, dear fellow," he said. "Forgive me, and let me come home with you. But do not ask me to like Brook. For I cannot."

John stood at the door, thinking. Liking was not love. "Come back with me, then," he said to Arthur. "And I shall never ask you to like Brook Dangerfield!"

By evening, they were speeding through the north of France, to Paris, south from Paris, to Cherbourg. And at the end of twenty-four hours, they were on board ship.

It was bitterly cold, but John stood at the rail looking out over the leaden water. The mere thought of the lounge, the saloon, with its gossip, its bridge, its silly ripening friendships that would wither by the third day, was insupportable to him. He turned to find Arthur beside him.

"You know the old saying—'Cross water to find heartbreak!'" said Arthur. "The last time I went westward over the Atlantic, Emily was waiting at the voyage's end."

John gazed at him; it was a gray day, and the sad skies seemed to be reflected in Arthur's thin face.

"Poor fellow," thought John, "would it not be better, perhaps,

(Continued on Page 20)

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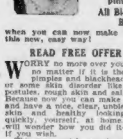

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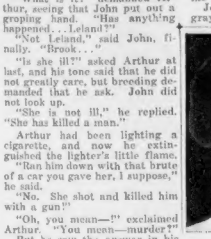

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Dark	COLOR OF LASHES	Dark
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

(Continued from Page 14)

moment for any medical investigation."

"Very well," he said, putting aside his private thoughts.

The Professor turned to the girl on the bed.

"Your name is Jacqueline Coyle?" he said.

"Yes."

"You lived in Paris for many years?"

"Yes."

"Your father was a retired Colonel in the British Army—Lorymer Coyle?"

"Yes."

"He was a great friend of a Russian nobleman, the Grand Duke Vladimir?"

"Yes."

"How did your father meet with his death?"

"He was murdered."

"Do you know by whom?"

"Yes. . . By the Baron Bela Szanto."

The second man in the room, who had not yet said a word, now snapped his teeth furiously. Carruthers, to whom he had been introduced as a Mr. Paul Gervasse, thought he would be able to guess the other's real identity.

"How do you know this?" the questioning went on.

"I don't know it for certain—but I feel it is true."

"Shortly before his death, your father returned to Paris from a visit to Moscow?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you?"

The answer came quick, clear, and incisive.

"He told me he had brought back some very valuable jewels."

"From Moscow?"

"Yes. They had belonged to his friend, the Grand Duke Vladimir."

"Did he actually show you these jewels?"

"No."

"Did he tell you where he intended to place them?"

One of the two other listeners leaned forward, his face atwist with excitement.

"Yes."

"Where was it?" Even the hitherto unemotional voice became slightly unsteady.

Again there was no hesitation.

"In the secret drawer of the lacquer cabinet which stood in the dining room."

"In which dining room?"

"In the dining room of the flat in which we lived in Paris, No. 242, Rue de Marnay."

The Baron Bela Szanto stood up, beating the air with his hands.

"But I tell you," he said frenziedly to the questioner, "I went right through the flat and could find nothing. I searched everything. . ."

The Professor waved him into silence.

"Shut up!" he said angrily. "Control yourself!"

The speaker turned to the girl again.

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I remember it distinctly."

"Did you see your father actually place the jewels in the cabinet?"

"No. I understand he had already done so at the time he told me."

"Why did he tell you?"

"Because he knew that enemies had followed him to Paris."

"And he was afraid they would kill him?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine the secret drawer in the cabinet yourself?"

"No. . I was unable to do so. I met with an accident."

"Describe the accident."

"I was crossing the Rue de la Paix, when I was knocked down by a taxicab. I remembered nothing until I woke up in a Paris hospital—Saint-Paul's."

"What else do you remember?"

"Nothing, except being taken away from the hospital."

Dr. Carruthers here interposed. He had been taking the pulse-beat of his patient.

"If you have finished your questioning, Professor"—he allowed himself a little sardonic inflexion with the title—"I think we had now better conclude the experiment. My patient is becoming rather exhausted."

Arnold Carruthers was a doctor first, and a human being afterwards. But his medical curiosity having been satisfied, he now felt it his duty to stop this interrogation. If his professional word had not been pledged, he would have gone straight to the telephone and rung up the police. These two tricksters—he felt convinced now they were a couple of international adventurers—had made a catspaw of him for their own criminal purpose. In what relation this girl stood to them it was difficult to say, of course, but that she was being victimized, or at least, exploited, by them, was evident. He was determined, if possible, to save her from divulging any more of the truth.

"There are a few more questions, doctor—it is important that I should ask them."

Carruthers shrugged his shoulders.

"They must be few," he replied; "otherwise I shall not take the responsibility."

The Professor turned again to the girl.

"Where is this secret drawer in the lacquer cabinet?" he asked.

"It is high up on the right-hand side. The spring is not noticeable, but if you run your finger against the wood you can feel a little roughness."

"Where is the cabinet now?"

"I cannot tell you. I suppose it's still in the flat."

"Did your father use the secret drawer for any previous purpose?"

"Yes. He used to keep money in it."

"What else can you tell me about the jewels?"

"Nothing. I have told you all I know."

The doctor stood up.

"This will really have to stop," he ordered. "The patient must remain here for another two days. At the end of that time, if she is in a fit condition—as I have no doubt she will be—you can take her away."

The Professor bowed his thanks.

"You have been most helpful, doctor. If you will state your fee I will pay you at once."

"Two hundred and fifty dollars," said the specialist curtly.

It seemed that nothing could disturb the other. Putting his hand into a pocket he pulled out a wallet and from it took a number of crisp banknotes.

"Once again, please accept my best thanks," he stated.

Once they were in the street the Baron started expostulating.

His declarations were received coldly.

"What a fool you are!" said Wainwright. "You didn't even have the intelligence to attempt to control yourself back there. That doctor fellow must have known we were on to something crooked."

"It wasn't my fault. Why did you allow him to stay in the room at all?"

"Crazy ass! Do you think he would have left us alone with his patient? Not on your life!"

"What about the girl accusing me?"

"We had to take that risk. But he's a doctor of good standing; a man like that would be reluctant to jail than open his mouth about a professional matter. It's all against medical etiquette. But you waving your hands as though you were going mad!" The speaker's feelings overcame him so that he could not continue.

"How do we know the girl isn't lying?" now asked the Baron. "If tell you I went through that flat, missing nothing, the day after Coyle was dead."

"Nothing. I have told you all I know."

The doctor stood up.

"Did you see the lacquer cabinet?"

"Of course I saw it."

"Did you open it?"

"I opened every drawer."

"What about the secret drawer?"

"I couldn't find one—I don't believe it exists."

"The trouble with you," summed up his companion, "is that you don't believe in anything but yourself—and that's not worth a lot. Anyway, I'm going to Paris."

"Not alone!"

Really, the self-control of this man was masterly.

"You can come along, if you like," he said; "but I don't know that you'll do any good."

"I'm coming, anyway."

"You can on this condition: that you leave the investigation to me. You are so excitable that you're likely to make any fool mistake."

"When are you going?"

"Today, of course; with jewels worth five million dollars or more lying around idle, I wouldn't be likely to stay on here?"

"What about the girl?"

"She'll be all right. She's safer there than anywhere else. The doctor won't let anyone see her. Besides, no one knows. Who is there to worry about? According to you, Meredith's blown to bits—I notice the papers don't say much about that affair this morning—and if your pet pals haven't made a mucker of it, Fenton's light is also put out. You seem to be on velvet, Baron, my boy—that is, as long as you stick by me. I'll protect you even from that grimy creature Daroslaski—or whatever his name is."

The speaker clapped his companion on the shoulder.

"And now for Paris!" he cried.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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The Reluctant Dawn — by Hazel Christie Macdonald

(Continued from Page 19)

to let him go on never knowing?" But then he remembered Brook, and it seemed a disloyalty to have given Arthur's griefs even a thought while Brook stood defenseless within the shadow of crime and penalty.

After dinner, the Captain gave John the cable that had come, the cable telling something of what had happened.

"A man named Leslie Braddock," said John, when he had read it. "I have never heard the name."

"It may be one of a dozen different aliases," said the Captain. "I regret we couldn't have a photograph sent by wire."

But even when the journey was ended, and John, in his attorney's office, stood looking at the picture of the man whom Brook had killed, he saw only a dark face, a not-to-be-trusted face, a handsome face that grew, somehow, less handsome as you looked.

And then he and the attorney went to see Brook, and on the way it was the attorney who did the greater part of the talking.

"It is a terrible case," he said to John. "The man was wanted by the police of a dozen cities. There could be no connection between him and any young girl unless it were, shall we say, a questionable one."

John moved. "Let us postpone being quite so specific till it is proved," he said. "Go on."

The attorney went on. "We know that Miss Dangerfield knew the man," said the attorney. "Or rather, that the man knew her. For the old colored servant says the man told him he knew her."

John thought of poor Toby, forced to make such an admission against the mistress he adored. "Well, what do you think it is?" John asked.

The attorney never hesitated. "Blackmail," he replied. "This fellow had something on Miss Dangerfield, went to see her. And she put in two hurried, very hurried calls—one to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dangerfield—the other to your son, Leland. In other words, she called the two persons most likely to give her what blackmailers usually demand . . . money!"

"Go on," commanded John, and the attorney went on.

"Rosanna Levis, the second maid at Dangerfield House, saw Miss Dangerfield go into the living room, where Leslie Braddock was waiting, heard them speak to one another, and then Miss Dangerfield's voice, saying in a frightened and unbelieving way, 'Oh! Oh!' And then she shut the living room door, and a little while after, she came out and telephoned, and she was crying, Rosanna says, as she sat at the phone."

The attorney paused.

"We know further," he continued, "that she telephoned to Pierre's, the Savoy-Plaza, the Colony Restaurant and at each place she asked for her sister-in-law, and your son. But she never reached them—through a combination of circumstances that might never have happened again —for her sister-in-law was about to sail for Paris the following day, and she and your son were lunching together. Anyway, Brook Dangerfield missed them, could not get the money the man had quite evidently demanded at a certain hour, and so she went to keep the rendezvous, in that little clearing on your estate, but instead of meeting the man's demands she killed him, came back to Dangerfield House and gave herself up!

John Sherman was staring straight ahead. "Have you the weapon?" he asked.

The attorney rubbed his chin. "No," he said. "She says she threw it from her as she shot. But the place has been fine-combed, snow and all, and there was no weapon there. She kept it, of course."

"But why?" asked John. "If she admits she killed him, why should she keep the gun that did it?"

The attorney smiled, wearily. "Because the weapon makes all the difference between a case of second-degree murder and a case of first," he returned. "And Miss Brook Dangerfield is clever enough to know it!"

John turned and gazed at him in astonishment.

"Is here," said the attorney, briskly, "the girl thinks things over—knows she can't get the money and that the man will not give her more time—and so she plans to kill him, and takes with her for the meeting-place, a gun, procured—no matter how. And after she kills him, she hides the gun in some place the police have not yet been able to find—and then she says, 'The gun was his own! He dropped it—and I shot in self-defense!'"

"Is that what she says happened?" asked John, slowly.

"That," replied the attorney, "is what she says happened." Something in his tone forced itself upon the attention of the man next to him.

"You do not believe it?" asked John Sherman.

"I am afraid I do not," was the answer. "I trust you will forgive me for being sceptical."

John sighed. "Her eyes have never fallen before mine," he thought. And he wondered if that clear, direct, uncompromising gaze would be in any way changed.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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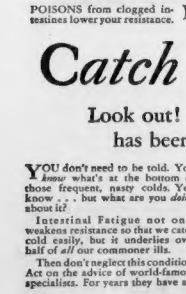
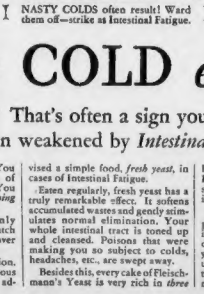
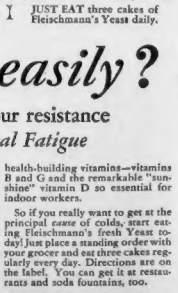
Neglect Here • *Leads to Colds* • *Eat Yeast*



POISONS from clogged intestines lower your resistance.



NASTY COLDS often result! Ward them off—strike at Intestinal Fatigue.



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JUST EAT three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily.

Catch COLD *easily?*

Look out! That's often a sign your resistance has been weakened by *Intestinal Fatigue*

YOU don't need to be told. You *know* what's at the bottom of those frequent, nasty colds. You know . . . but what are you *doing* about it?

Intestinal Fatigue not only weakens resistance so that we catch cold easily, but it underlies over half of *all* our commoner ills.

Then don't neglect this condition. Act on the advice of world-famous specialists. For years they have advised a simple food, *fresh yeast*, in cases of Intestinal Fatigue.

Eaten regularly, fresh yeast has a truly remarkable effect. It softens accumulated wastes and gently stimulates normal elimination. Your whole intestinal tract is toned up and cleansed. Poisons that were making you so subject to colds, headaches, etc., are swept away.

Besides this, every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in *three* health-building vitamins—vitamins B and G and the remarkable "sunshine" vitamin D so essential for indoor workers.

So if you really want to get at the principal *cause* of colds, start eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast today! Just place a standing order with your grocer and eat three cakes regularly every day. Directions are on the label. You can get it at restaurants and soda fountains, too.

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health . . 3 Cakes a Day!*

A Few Recipes From Western Kitchens

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Hot Fruit Sauce.

SIFT 1 cup sugar with 1 tablespoon flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup water and 1 cup fruit juice. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute. Add 2 tablespoons butter and let stand over hot water until serving time.

Asparagus with Eggs Bechamel.

COOK fresh asparagus in salted water. When tender drain well. Arrange on serving platter and place freshly poached eggs around the asparagus. Pour over this seasoned Bechamel or Hollandaise sauce. Serve immediately.

Jellied Cucumber Salad.

DISSOLVE 1 package lime gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 cup grated cucumber, a few grains pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Turn into fancy mold or into individual molds. Chill. When firm turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with any desired dressing.

Black Walnut Pudding.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Beat 2 eggs until light and add 1 cup milk and a few drops vanilla and beat into the dry ingredients. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter and 1 cup broken walnut meats. Turn into buttered individual molds and steam about 45 minutes. Turn out and serve hot with the following sauce:

Sauce for Walnut Pudding.

BOIL ½ cup water with 7 cup sugar until syrup spins a thread. Pour over 3 well beaten egg yolks and beat constantly until thick. Add a few drops of flavoring and set aside until cold. Fold in 2 cups whipped cream. Serve immediately.

Polish Beets.

PREPARE beets as usual, Peel, slice and chop about 2 cups of the beets. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour and stir constantly until blended. Add ½ cup scalded vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and stir until smooth. Add the beets, dilute with a little thick sour cream, cover and let simmer gently about ½ hour.

Mystery of the "Leopard Men" of the African Jungle

(Continued from Double Page)

debt—the debt of a life for a life—that he as a good African felt he owed me.

At midday we paddled rapidly across the Swahi River in big canoes, and here the drums, talking ahead of us, told us that the M'Banos were but a few miles behind, hot in our pursuit. But we were safe, in French territory, where the M'Banos, like other wrongdoers, knew to their cost that the arm of the government, though distant, was long, and that they dared not venture further.

In the hurriedly made camp, where I lay down for a much needed rest, Obiri said good-by to me, raising my hand three times to his forehead.

"White woman," he said, "now I am happy. I have saved your life, as you saved the future of my tribe. It is a goodly deed that you have done, though a desperate one. But return to your own country. To every man his jungle, and that of the white man lies not in our jungle."

With his cavalcade of warriors Obiri swept off into the forest. As I dropped off into the sleep of exhaustion my last picture was of forty scarlet, leaping backs and of the blood-stained skin of the leopard, Oku, that Tiesa had proudly laid before the entrance of my tent. I often think of that picture now as I draw the supple piece of black and yellow fur across my knees in London on chilly evenings. The last time I did so a friend remarked to me: "Aren't you a murderer?"

Am I?

GIVEN 12 PC. SET

GIVEN Sweet Toned VIOLIN

GIVEN DAINTY WRIST WATCH

Relieve that sore and aching throat by rubbing the outside freely with BAUME BENGUE, (pronounced Ben-Gay) and cover with flannel.

The penetrating quality of "Ben-Gay" brings quick relief by stimulating a flow of fresh blood to the congested parts, promptly quieta pain, soothes irritated nerves and reduces congestion. Use "Ben-Gay" for chest colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lame back and every pain of nerve and muscle.

"Ask for Ben-Gay" Accept No Substitutes

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It has been the one dependable bird specific for more than 30 years.

Sold by all druggists. Send for Bird Book Free Manual

CAUTION — Bird Manna is Packed in White Metal Cans with Red Tops. Mark in Red.

Beware of Imitations.

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Advertisement.

"Klutch" HOLDS False Teeth tight in the mouth

"KLUTCH" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be pinched with. You can eat and talk as you did with your own teeth. Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your troubles. See at druggists'. If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't waste money on substitutes, but write us for a box. Use Klutch 30 days, then, if perfectly satisfied, send us 60 cents. HART & CO., Box 2335-A, Elmira, N. Y.

GRAY HAIR PENCIL

Magic Pencil instantly changes gray hair to Natural Youthful Color. Latest patented known way. KEEP GRAY AWAY from Roots, Temples and Parting. It cannot be detected. Will not fade or wash off. Gray Hair now restored to youthful, natural color QUICKLY, EASILY, AMAZINGLY. ENGLT. Delights both men and women that use it—query where.

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When grown men, just average ability, make $200 to $400 a week, and up, your proposition must be worth investigating! We train you, giving you successful methods of one of the fastest selling lines in the country. World's leading firms are among our customers. A lifesaver for the smallest business. Customer guaranteed cash return 10 times price he pays for it. Applies to any business. Write for amazing new sensational proposition. A lifetime business with a future. No margin of profit so you can appoint sales crews on commission. You get the cash the day you start. Don't write unless you are ready to go to work. We deliver and collect for the order. Show sales a day that $ out of 10 times.

$4,920 CLEAR IN 9 MONTHS

made by Rollie Force, California. Walter made $1655 first day, $4420 cash clear first 5 weeks, $1950 in 10 days for Arthur Pelchat, Wisconsin. $4300 clear in 3 months for Ed. Hoffman, Ohio. Many others. Write for free outfit offer. Territory being assigned. Get free from wartime of other guaranteed lines of Wall Paper, or for big exclusive territory.

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Advertisement.

Advertisement.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

Girls—if you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

It doesn't do much good to try to conceal such a curse. The only sure way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it; then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, get about four ounces of ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store. Four ounces is all you will need, no matter how much dandruff you may have. This simple remedy never fails.

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$1000 IN ONE DAY
Mr. W. BROWN
Received OCT 13, 1930

On October 13, 1930, Brown wrote us that he sold $1000 worth of Candy Crispettes in One Day. Another Simon Nasser, of Massachusetts, recently reported $2000 Profit in three Months.

$351 Cleared in One Day!

by W. E. Adams of Ohio. Jacob Gerber, N. J., reports $6000 profit in two months. And in 8 months A. Martel, Cal., sold $11,375 worth. Brunow bought one outfit for making Crispettes on April 5th and ordered seven more by August. Irene & Co. started with one outfit and bought ten more the next year.

Start a Crispette Business Now!

Be independent by making Crispettes at home. Start in spare time. No experience needed, little capital required. No canvassing necessary. Proven sales plans insure your success from start; selling to stores, stands, to boys calling on homes. Everybody likes Crispettes. Raw material is cheap. Your profits 200% to 800%. It is easy enough. E. R. Nasser, Mass., writes: "Averaging $4,000 profit for the summer months."

Quick Success Possible!

Start anywhere—cities, towns, villages, crowded streets, mildest golf courses. Open a little retail store or handle at home or wholesale to stores, grocers, bakers, druggists, movable stands or large concern.

We Will Give You Flying Start!

We'll furnish the secret formula, raw material and equipment you need, without delay, to help you build your own business. Send postal for Book of FACTS—it's FREE! Contains success letters from others—shows their pieces of business—tells how, when, where to start your own profit business. Write now.

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Send coupon today for 7-day treatment Sem-Pray Compound Creme. Charming package also includes Sem-Pray Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge FREE. Easy, quick way to beauty and new youthful looks awaits you.

3 Minutes a Day Takes 10 Years Away

Dainty rose-pink Almond-scented cake in new oval container with inset—no bottom to start, spilling lipstick. Fingers need never touch. Fits handbag. Many beauty treatments during day. Guaranteed pure, safe; will not grow hair. Also perfect foundation for cream and powder. All colors 25c., or send for trial package. Get new beauty aids—

MME. LA ROSE, SEM-PRAY SALONS, SUITE 1695-R, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Send generous 7-day trial packages of SEM-PRAY Compound Creme. Include introductory packages Sem-Pray Face Powder and Sem-Pray Rouge FREE. I enclose 10c to pay for packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

How to Select Canned Goods

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THIS week's article is the beginning of a series which will offer the housewife helpful and timely advice on the best and most economical methods of selecting and buying her groceries and other household necessities. A different item will be considered each week.

Food occupies the most important division of the household budget. In some families the amount spent on meals represents a fifth, a quarter or even a third of the entire income. Today prices are lower, values are higher than in many years.

The woman who makes a real job of being a purchasing agent for the home is actually earning money and contributing financially to the family income. Every hotel, every club, every dining car has its steward or purchasing man whose sole job it is to buy foods to the best advantage and co-operate with the chef in planning meals which take advantage of season, full markets or bargain buying.

Today every housewife should literally "know her groceries." She must not suppose that because she does not take her own time to make apple butter, or stock her pantry with home-jarred foods, that she has no more responsibility. On the contrary, with every new packaged, canned or fabricated food put on the market, her choice needs to be more intelligent, her shopping shrewdness more alert. Since most of these foods are invisible, their qualities, weight, class and values can only be determined by close and careful security of the printed information furnished on their tags, labels or cartons. The old slogan of "read the label" is just as important as in the past.

Government and trade associations assure the consumer that certain general regulations have been observed and that she can trust the sanitary standards under which the majority of canned goods are packed. But is this enough to secure the most genuine value? May there not be two cans of peaches, sold for the same price, both put up under equally high standards . . . and yet differ widely? Which should be bought?

Let us look for a moment at the whole group of important canned fruits. In any era of lowered finances as at the present, more canned fruits are bought than usual because more buyers cannot afford the prices for fresh or wintry fancy fruits. But how does the average Mrs. Consumer buy this staple?

As I have pointed out many a time, does she not say to her grocer or dealer, "I want a can of peaches," or "let me have a can of sliced pineapple." But every can of fruit has a trade size, known by a trade number as well as other details of packing. To say "give me a can of peaches" is quite like saying, "Give me a piece of beef." What beef, how much and for what purpose?

Canned fruits are packed in five sizes of cans, the average net weight contents of which are:

Size	Height	Weight
No. ½	4 in.	12 oz.
No. 2	4 9-16 in.	1 lb 4 oz.
No. 2½	4 11-16 in.	1 lb 13 oz.
No. 3	4 7-8 in.	2 lb 3 oz.
No. 10		6 lb 9 oz.

It is easy to see then that merely to say "I'll take a can of peaches" may mean any five sizes. But equally important is the grading under which all fruits are sold, a point which I believe few housewives fully grasp.

Canned fruits are packed in three chief grades, Fancy, Choice and Standard. The grading of peaches for example, well illustrates the principle which rules the grading of all large fruits. In the Fancy grades, perfect stock, in best state of ripeness, only is used, and packed with particular care. The fruit must be large enough so that not more than 12 halves are required to fill a No. 2½ can.

For Choice peaches, fruit must be nearly perfect, but not so large, 15 halves being allowed to same size can. The limit of Standard pack is 21 halves of uneven fruit. There are a couple of still lower grades of which pie grade requires only sound fruit which may be packed in considerable water.

Canned fruits are packed in syrups of different richness. A next important discrimination between two cans of peaches is the quality of richness of the syrup in which the fruit is packed. Naturally, the richer the syrup the more expensive the product. There are three chief syrups, the first, what is called "55-degree syrup," corresponding to what the housewife would call "thick syrup;" the next "40-degree syrup," which she calls "medium," and the last, the "30-degree syrup," which she calls "thin." This thin watery syrup is almost the invariable rule on all grades of standard fruit. Roughly, the fancy has 55-degree syrup, the choice has 40-degree and the standard is packed in 20-degree.

Again, there are Yellow Cling and Yellow Free peaches, and also White Cling and Melba peaches. What qualities possessed by each? The Yellow Cling peach is the most popular seller because of its fine appearance and color. The Yellow Free peach when canned is somewhat ragged in appearance, though its flavor is excellent. The flesh of the White Cling is slightly pinkish. Melba peaches are extra-large halves of Yellow Cling sold particularly for fancy desserts.

Now perhaps the housewife begins to know her canned peaches! They differ as to (1) Size of can: (2) Number of pieces in can; (3) Class of pack; (4) Degree of richness of syrup; (5) Variety of color. Instead, then of saying "Give me a can of peaches," the ideal shopper's inquiry would be like this:

"Show me your 2½ can of Fancy Yellow Cling peaches in a rich heavy syrup. How much are they a can?

What is a properly filled can of peaches? The Bureau of Chemistry demands that each size provide its respective drained weights, thus the No. 2 can must have 13½ ounces of drained solid fruit after straining the liquid through a fine mesh screen.

FREE Mascotte To Start

Right at home you can make delicate sweet peas, gorgeous roses, flaming poppies—any kind of flower you wish. Dennison has a new plan by which you learn with surprising ease to create them of colorful crepe paper.

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Party Table Decorations 10c — *Making Wax Craft 10c*
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Dennison-craft

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Oatmeal, Cora Oysters, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Sweetbreads, Broiled Bacon, Baking Powder Tea Biscuits, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Whole Wheat Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Toast, Coffee.	Prunes, Oatmeal, Poached Eggs on Graham Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Broiled Smelts, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Omelet with Broiled Bacon, Corn Muffins, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Hominy Grits, Small Sausage Balls, Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Baked Macaroni, Celery, Apple Pie, Tea.	Broiled Beef Balls, Browned Sweet Potatoes, Spinach, Fruit Gelatin with Whipped Cream, Cup Cakes.	Stuffed Potatoes, Hashed Carrots, Corn Muffins. Cocoa.	Baked-Bean Croquettes, Cream or Tomato Sauce, Glazed Onions, Grape Juice Sponge, Cookies, Tea.	Capicca Oyster Soup, Crisp Crackers, Italian Pineapple Sherbet, Cookies, Half Cups Coffee.	Hot Tuna Fish Sandwiches, Shredded Cabbage and Raw Carrot Salad, Russian Tea.	Beaned Ribs of Beef, Mushroom Sauce, Baked White or Sweet Potatoes, Heart Lettuce Salad, Favorite Dressing, Fig Turnovers, Coffee
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Broiled Beef Balls, Browned Sweet Potatoes, Spinach, Fruit Gelatin with Whipped Cream, Cup Cakes.	Mexican Hot Pot, Buttered Kale, Stuffed Apple Salad, Custard Tapioca.	Chicken in Casserole with Rose Apple Garnish, Savoy Salad, Favorite Dressing, Chocolate Marshmallow Roll.	Roast Duck (Wild) or Mock Duck, Favorite Dressing, Creemed Celery, Noodles, Currant Jelly, Fruit Blanc Mange.	Emergency Soup, Lima Bean Loaf, Tomato Sauce, Water Cress Salad, French Dressing, Prune Whip, Hermits.	Frozen Tomato Cocktail, Stuffed Beef Heart, Brown Sauce, Samp, Buttered Asparagus, Maple Sponge.	Substitute, Cream of Potato Soup, Egg Rolls, Apricot Trifle.

Banish gray hair instantly. Damschinsky's World Famous liquid Hair Dye does it in one application. Safe, quick, economical. All colors at your drug store or write direct. Product of Carl Damschinsky Laboratories, 161 East 86th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Liquid Hair Dye . . . 35 years of public approval

American Weekly Patterns

A PLEASING LITTLE FROCK FOR A TINY MISS (6733). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size with wrist-length sleeves will require 1¾ yards of 35-inch material. With short sleeves, 1⅞ yards. To finish with bias binding requires 2 yards 1½ inches wide.

LADY'S DANCE SET—BRASSIERE AND STEP-IN—SHORTS (7081). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure, with corresponding waist measure, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches. A 38-inch size will require 1⅞ yards of 35-inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 3 yards of insertion and 3 yards of lace edging.

A POPULAR "ENSEMBLE" STYLE (7070). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size requires 3⅞ yards of 35-inch material.

A CHARMING MODEL FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (7055). Designed in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A size 46 will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. The vestee of lace or contrasting material will require ⅝ yard 21 inches wide.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR DAYTIME OR AFTERNOON WEAR (7062). Designed in 2 sizes, 16 and 18 years for misses, and in 3 sizes for ladies, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The dress with bolero will require 4⅝ yards of 39-inch material for a 38-inch size. Without bolero, 3½ yards.

LADY'S BLOUSE (7073). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 39-inch material if made with wrist-length sleeves. With ¾-length sleeves, 2¾ yards will be required. For contrasting material, ⅞ yard 39 inches wide is required.

GIRL'S DRESS (7069). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size with long sleeves requires 2⅞ yards of material 39 inches wide. With short sleeves, 2⅜ yards.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 15 cents in coin for each pattern (**coin**) **envelope flap securely on all edges**), to

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7055	Bust	6733	Years
7062	Years	7081	Bust
7062	Bust	7070	Years
7069	Years	7073	Bust

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New Technique Actually Whitens Teeth—*3 Shades in 3 Days*

NOW there's no excuse for stained teeth that are so dull and dingy they mar beauty and offend others.

Just start using this new technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then after 3 days note the improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums.

Teeth will look cleaner and fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth will tingle with a wonderful new taste sensation.

Kolynos is surprising—utterly unlike anything you've ever used. As soon as it enters the mouth it becomes a refreshing, antiseptic FOAM that permits the Dry-Brush Technique which makes Kolynos just 10 times more effective.

Instantly this FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that sweep into the mouth with every breath, defy ordinary toothpaste and cause stain, discoloration, decay and most gum diseases, if neglected. Acids are neutralized, tartar is gently erased and the mouth is purified.

Thus this remarkable technique cleans teeth as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

Convince Yourself

If you want clean, attractive teeth and firm, coral-pink gums switch to the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. In 9 days you'll be convinced that anyone can have sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

What makes china glisten?

This important truth is worth repeating: For easy and effective dishwashing, (1) scrape dishes well; (2) have *generous* suds; (3) rinse with boiling water. (And see our booklet).

When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And perspiration *attacks* silk underthings, frocks, stockings. Whenever possible, wash out all these promptly after wearing.

How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best, change suds often. For spots, apply soap directly to wood.

Is your cleaning done by noon?

To have more time to do as you please, use cleaning short cuts, and have a cleaning schedule or plan.

This valuable book is free!

We offer you an unusual kind of booklet . . . full of short cuts, and with simple instructions for making a cleaning plan to fit your particular problems. Send for this booklet. Remember it's *free.*

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Please send me free of all cost "A Cleaner House by 12 O'clock."

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AWD-11

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He Has Shown Thousands How To Turn Old Coins Into New Riches

B. Max Mehl

of Fort Worth, Texas, Authority on American Issues, Is Country's Largest Dealer In Rare Money

Says Many Valuable Coins Circulate Unnoticed—Woman Sells Dollar for $1250

A Pennsylvania woman found some apparently worthless private-bank notes among old letters she was preparing to burn. She sold them at a large premium, for they were signed by J. Smith, Jr., cashier of the bank, who later founded the Mormon Church.

Opening and sorting the 18,000 pieces of mail a day received by Mr. Mehl, requires the services of a large staff of girls. He sends out 3,000,000 pieces of mail a year to correspondents in every part of the world.

From his office in Fort Worth, Texas, Mr. Mehl carries on the largest business in old money in the United States. He has bought coins from thousands of people all over the country for thirty years.

by Julian Capers, Jr.

THIRTY years ago, in Fort Worth, Texas, a boy still in his 'teens became interested in old coins and began collecting them. This was not unusual, for most boys at one time or another make a collection of some kind—stamps, cigar bands, birds' eggs, knives, college pennants or pets. What was unusual was that this boy's hobby became his life work, until now he is the largest dealer in rare coins, paper money and medals in the United States. His name is B. Max Mehl.

Today B. Max Mehl is recognized as the leading authority on all United States coins and is a collector of valuable autographs, rare books and old etchings. He has bought and sold thousands upon thousands of rare coins and has become known to collectors in almost every country in the world. His Numismatic Company, at Fort Worth, Texas, is the largest and best known firm of its kind in this country, employing more than forty people.

Mr. Mehl has written and published books and catalogues on coin collecting and coin values, of which more than a million copies have been distributed during the past 20 years. One of his books is accepted by banks, museums and collectors as authoritative on issues of the United States Treasury. It lists and gives the value of every rare American coin from the time of the American colonies up to recent years.

Why do people pay hundreds, even thousands, of dollars for old coins and stamps? "It is the fascination of collecting," Mr. Mehl will tell you, "and people from all walks of life come under its spell. There are hundreds of wealthy men who make collecting their hobby, and they will pay large sums for the coins they desire." As much as $20,000 has been paid for two coins by a rich collector. These coins are pictured in Mr. Mehl's literature. Almost $40,000 has been paid for a single stamp, and just recently a woman found an old stamp among some letters stored in her attic and sold it for $10,000.

Not only from every part of the United States, but from England, Germany, Persia, Australia, the South Sea Islands, Siam and Africa, come letters to Mr. Mehl from those who wish to sell old coins and those who want to buy them. Foreign collectors often send American coins to Mr. Mehl for appraisal, for his reputation as an expert is international.

Mr. Mehl's correspondence is, of course, enormous. A large staff of deft-fingered girls open and sort the nearly 18,000 pieces of mail he receives every day at this time of the year; and 3,000,000 pieces of mail are sent from the Numismatic Company during the year.

Great Demand for Old Money

"Coin collecting is growing more popular all the time," says Mr. Mehl. "There is a steadily increasing demand for pieces for collections. I know most of the important collectors and have no trouble in disposing of the rare pieces I am able to obtain.

"My only problem is in finding enough coins to supply the demand. There are many collectors of moderate means who want to own such rare coins as they can afford, coins ranging in value from $1 to $50. These coins are still fairly common and I buy a great many of them every year.

"Many people have mistaken ideas about the value of old money," he says. "It is an axiom of coin collecting that not all old coins are rare and not all rare coins are old. The value of any coin is in its rarity and in the demand for it among collectors. I have in my desk a handful of coins of the Roman Empire, coins more than 2,000 years old, that are worth no more than the metal of which they were made. Bushels of them are dug up each year, and they are so common that they have no value to collectors. Rarity rather than age makes a coin valuable. For instance, a dollar of 1795 is worth only about $3, while for a dollar of 1870 with the mint letter S, I paid Mrs. Dorothy Prindle of California $100.00. A dime of 1796, the first dime minted by the United States, is listed at $3; while I would pay $250.00 for a dime minted as late as 1894 with the mint letter S on it.

"One of the most valuable single coins ever discovered was minted in 1849, just 82 years ago. It was privately minted—that is, made by a private company, because it was more convenient to circulate gold coins than loose gold dust, which was used for money during the Gold Rush days in California. That particular gold coin sold for $8,500. The coins this company minted were made a little heavier than regular government gold coins to insure their acceptance as tender; and when people found this out, they melted these coins up to secure the extra gold in them. The result was that these coins became exceedingly rare and, therefore, very costly.

$50,000 for 832 Copper Cents

"Some idea of the value of old coins can be gained from a purchase I made some time ago," said Mr. Mehl. "Dr. French of New York had a collection of 832 copper cents of U. S. coinage that he wished to sell. I paid him $50,000 in cash for those copper cents."

There is one priceless coin in the collection maintained by the United States Mint about which Mr. Mehl tells an interesting story. It is a $20 gold piece of 1849. The mint prepared to coin this particular type of gold piece late in the year 1849, but they had struck only one specimen before the mint closed for the New Year's holidays. When minting operations were resumed, it was no longer the year 1849 but the new year, 1850. Thus, only the one specimen was ever struck, the only one of its kind in existence and, therefore, a great prize. Being in the Government collection, it can never be sold, though there are collectors who would gladly pay as much as $35,000 for it, according to Mr. Mehl.

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Valuable Coins Now In Circulation

"Rare coins get into circulation and pass from hand to hand until they finally fall into the hands of some one who knows what they are worth," said Mr. Mehl. "Hundreds of instances have come to my knowledge where people have accidentally stumbled on coins worth from $50 up into the hundreds —coins that others had passed by, merely for lack of a little knowledge of their value as collectors' pieces.

"Old coins turn up in unexpected places. A man in Florida obtained a most valuable specimen from an Indian. It had probably been in circulation for years. I paid him $750 for that coin.

"There was the case of Mrs. Frank G. Adams, who sold tickets in a movie theater in Georgia. A patron put down a silver dollar to pay for his ticket and Mrs. Adams gave him his change. That night, when she was checking up her money, she noticed that the dollar was minted in 1804. That silver dollar is now listed at $2,500. Another 1804 dollar was handed to Joseph Mickly of Philadelphia by a bank teller who cashed a check for him.

Sells Half-Dollar for $800

"M. L. Holstein, a ticket seller on Brooklyn Bridge, took in an old half dollar through his wicket. He received a check for $800 for it.

"An unusual incident happened in Pennsylvania. A lady was cleaning out a closet and burning the old papers and letters that came from it. As she threw a bunch of papers on the fire, a quantity of old bank notes, apparently considered valueless and left among old letters, fell from an envelope. She quickly recovered the notes, thinking that perhaps they might have some value as old money. They were $5 and $10 notes of the Kirtland (Ohio) Safety Society Bank and were issued in 1837. They were no longer legal tender, but they were signed by 'J. Smith, Jr.,' as cashier—and that happened to be the Joseph Smith who later founded the Mormon Church and whose autograph was valuable, especially on these old notes." The woman sold the notes to Mr. Mehl for a nice premium.

Mr. Mehl can recount any number of incidents in which people have found coins worth many times their original value because they have become rare. Mrs. Harvey, the wife of a Fulton, Mo., farmer, received three old coins in part payment of some produce she sold in the town. A few weeks later, according to newspaper stories, she received $140 for the three small coins.

A Philadelphia man walked into a tobacco store to buy a cigar. In the change he received was a small coin which he later sold for $300.

Single Penny Brings $900

C. W. Lewis of Burlington, N. J., sold a single Colonial penny for $900; a similar coin was purchased from Andrew Henry of Lewiston, Idaho, for $900.

"These people and others who send me their old coins," said Mr. Mehl, "are not experts but just every-day people who keep a sharp lookout for the valuable pieces. Many of them run across pieces that bring a good profit by watching all the coins that pass through their hands each day. Others look through small bags of coins handed down by their families and examine old letters for valuable stamps. Unless you are posted about coin values, you never know when or where a piece worth a nice bit of money may fall into your hands.

"In the past 30 years," says Mr. Mehl, "I have paid handsome premiums to thousands of people who were interested enough in old money and stamps to post themselves on what makes an old coin or stamp valuable and what coins to watch for. Knowing about old money and stamps pays." Mr. Mehl has prepared a most interesting large illustrated coin and stamp folder, containing a representative list of valuable coins and stamps, together with other particulars and information. To obtain one of these folders, use the convenient coupon which will be found in Mr. Mehl's advertisement on this page.

Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas, Home of the Numismatic Company. Established 30 years.

SEND FOR IMPORTANT COIN FOLDER TODAY!

Old Money and stamps WANTED

I Paid $200 to J.D.Martin, Virginia, FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." *Julian D. Martin, Va.*

This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm of Pennsylvania $13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. In the last thirty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels [not buffalo], $250.00 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint, $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows, $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto, $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, 10¢ each for 1912 "S" Mint nickels, etc. etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. *Watch your change. Know what to look for. It pays!*

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900.00 for a half-dollar received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10¢ stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

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Numismatic Company of Texas

B. Max Mehl, Gen. Mgr., Fort Worth, Texas

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